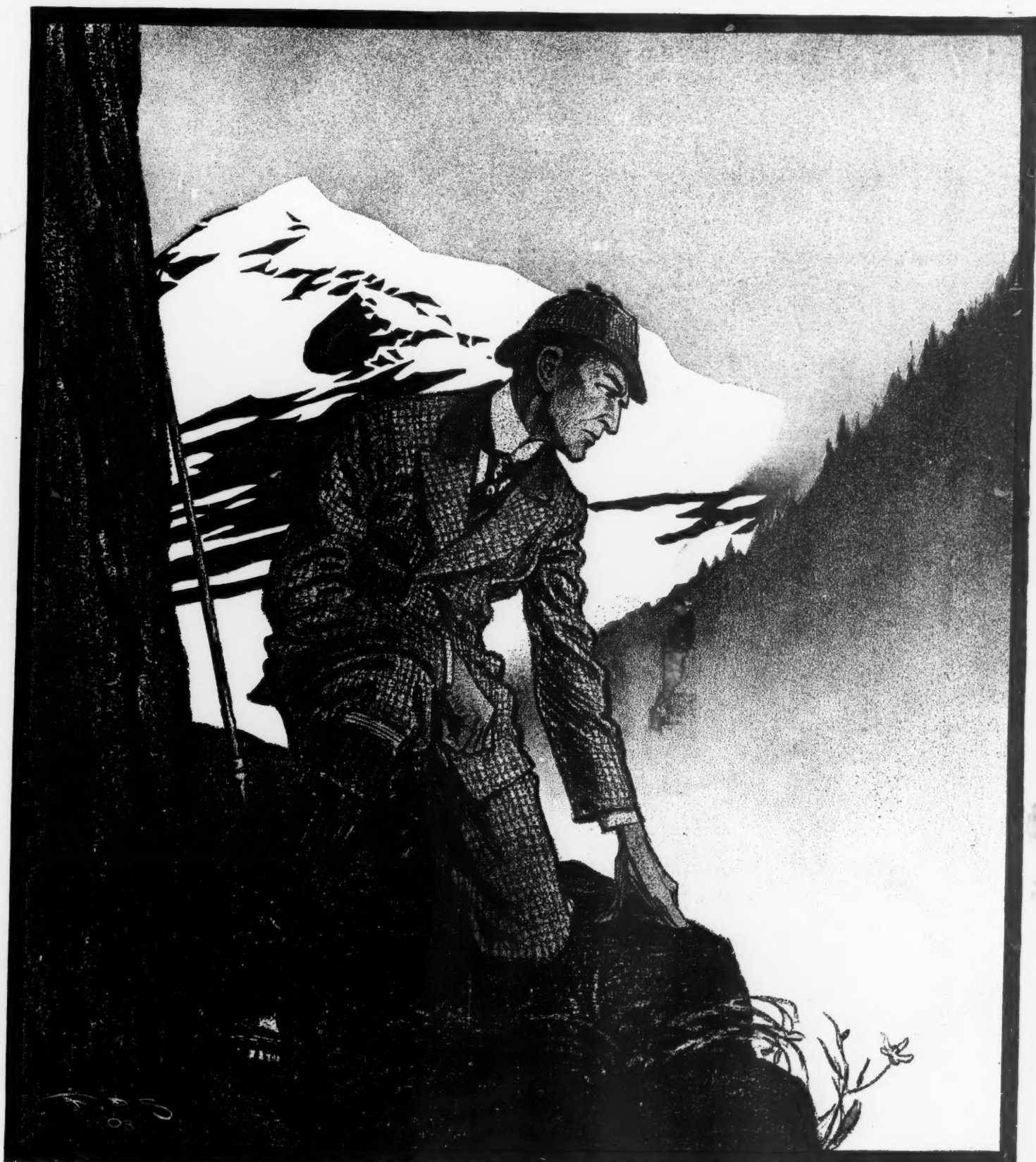


IN THIS NUMBER—"THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES"

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# Collier's

Household Number for October



DRAWN BY FREDERIO DORN STEELE

VOL XXXI NO 26

SEPTEMBER 26 1903

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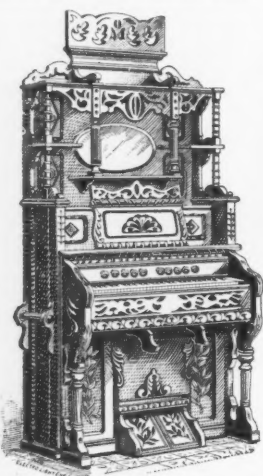
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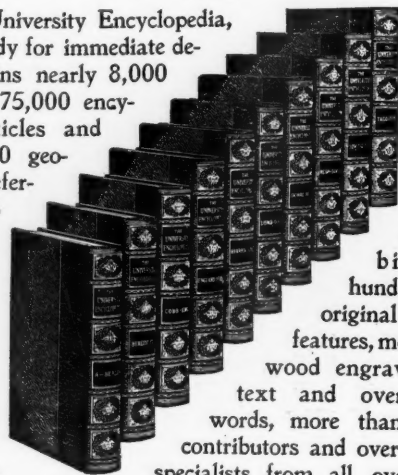
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# A Few Words from The Lion's Mouth

**I**T HAD BEEN our intention that this present number of COLLIER'S should mark an important stage in its evolution as a weekly paper. For nearly a year we have been taking counsel with our readers as to their likes and dislikes, not with any belief that they might wish us to abate the high standard of quality we had set for ourselves, but in the hope of meeting more fully and immediately the wants of nearly four hundred thousand widely scattered Americans, and, with their help, of shaping COLLIER'S in a mold more truly national. The help we have had has been general, along broad lines, and has been accepted in the same spirit. We have had this message from our readers: Keep us abreast of the times, help us to make ourselves well-informed citizens of this Republic; tell us what the whole world is thinking and doing; picture to us the men who are making history and the places where history is being made; don't be elaborate or dull about it, don't lecture us, but give us the facts and let them educate us. We agree heartily with this message. It is an expression not from the readers of COLLIER'S alone, but from the whole people. It does not mean that we are to reject the lighter side, to refuse entertainment or be too solemn, but it does mean that the average American of to-day feels his time is valuable and, if he reads, he wants to *get something* from his reading—to add to his sum of knowledge, to widen his intellectual horizon.

## A NEW FEATURE

**W**ITH the idea before us, then, of fulfilling, first of all, our mission as a weekly newspaper, we shall allot greater space hereafter to the events of the week. They will be presented in paragraphic form with a running accompaniment of photographs, and will be the work, not of one, but of many writers. Were the title of "Seven Days," which we have given this new department, stated in full, it would be "Seven Days in All America." The viewpoint will be that of the average busy man who, on a Sunday morning, looks back at his week's work and, brushing aside details and ephemeral incidents that do not affect the whole, holds the week in review through its essentials.

## A DEPARTMENT OF DEPARTMENTS

**F**OR the same reason that the American sense of humor and the American philosophy form the balance of American character and the safeguard of republican institutions, "Seven Days"—although always serious where seriousness is demanded—will not move in a procession of commonplaces. It will be a department of departments; a department which will aim to include every important field of human activity. No one writer will try to carry these five pages on his own resources. They will be written by a number of men and women who have the faculty of making much clear in a few words; who will know the subjects upon which they write not only from books and newspapers, but from actual experience. In London, Berlin, and other European capitals, and in the Far East as well, we shall have correspondents, whose contributions will not be so impressive from their length as from their importance and attractiveness.

## A CHANGE OF FORM

**N**EXT in importance to the introduction of this new department—which, after all, is but a development of the present "Men and Doings" and



"Focus of the Time"—will be a change of form—a change of the physical appearance of the periodical itself. This will be very slight; in fact, the type page will be left practically intact, but the margin of the page will be more closely trimmed. It was our intention to inaugurate this change with the present issue, but the new folding machines which were ordered early in the year for the purpose of effectively carrying out this plan have not yet been completed, and the change of size is necessarily postponed for a few weeks. The present copy of COLLIER'S measures 11x16 inches over all, but the page of the new form will measure 10½x15 inches. There are two distinct advantages to the reader in this innovation. First, he will get more full pages of reading matter and illustration; and, second, his paper will come to him folded once only, longitudinally, instead of as it is delivered at present. In order to carry out these extensive mechanical changes, which really constitute a complete revolution in the printing and folding of the entire weekly edition of four hundred thousand copies, we have had built especially for the purpose six new Hoe presses, and we have put in three Dexter folding machines with a capacity of 3,000 copies per hour. In its new form, COLLIER'S will be printed entirely on flat delivery presses, which will make it possible to turn out vastly superior work.

## NO MORE LONG SERIALS

**T**URNING now to the question next in importance after those already discussed, we find ourselves face to face with the problem that has always confronted the weekly paper: Shall we publish a serial? We have decided that we shall not; at least that we shall not publish any long serial, stretching over a period of many weeks. The consensus of opinion of *The Lion's Mouth* contributions has been against the long serial. The five, six, or eight part story, however, has an enthusiastic following. We shall therefore publish at least two of these within the next half-year. The first will be "The Web," by Frederick Trevor Hill, and we should be glad to have every one of our readers to read the first instalment when it comes to him next week. We are confident that any one who begins the tale will not leave it unfinished. "The Web," as its sub-title explains, is "A Weaving of the Courts"—a story of battle between great corporations and a mirror of the methods of the corporation lawyer. It is a typically American story, and it is a love story, with action from the beginning to the end and with an interest that rises to a dramatic climax. This story will be published in nine parts, with illustrations by A. I. Keller. Following "The Web" will be a five-part story by Hildegard Brooks—"Daughters of Desperation." This is another story that will not be put aside, once begun. A more delicate, fanciful,

and humorous tale it would not be easy to find. Its style combines humor, quaint fancy, and witty dialogue. It is delicious in satire; and the swift, continuous action creates constant and pleasurable anticipation.

## BRILLIANT SHORT STORIES

**W**E draw special attention, also, to the short stories that we have gathered for publication during the coming year. It is a notable collection. There will be one good short story in every number—in some numbers more than one. These stories have not been selected because of the names of the men who wrote them, they are not in the main introspective or concerned with problems; they are stories of life, action, love, success—stories of the kind that make us feel younger and keener for the reading of them.

## SHERLOCK HOLMES AGAIN!

**C**HIEF among these is the new series of detective stories, written especially for COLLIER'S by Sir A. Conan Doyle—"The Return of Sherlock Holmes." The famous detective, having escaped death at the hands of his enemies, returns to the scene of his former activity, and, in the adventures to be recounted in these pages, surpasses anything that he has accomplished before. The tales are of absorbing, thrilling interest. There are to be eight of them, and they will be published in the Household and Christmas Numbers as follows:

THE ADVENTURE OF THE EMPTY HOUSE  
*October Household Number*

THE ADVENTURE OF THE NORWOOD BUILDER  
*November Household Number*

THE ADVENTURE OF THE DANCING MEN  
*Christmas Number*

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SOLITARY CYCLIST  
*January Household Number*

THE ADVENTURE OF THE PRIORY SCHOOL  
*February Household Number*

THE ADVENTURE OF BLACK PETER  
*March Household Number*

The names of the last two stories of the series we are at present unable to state. But besides these, and in addition to stories by Rudyard Kipling, Egerton Castle, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, F. Hopkinson Smith, R. W. Chambers, John Fox, Jr., Jesse Lynch Williams, and the better known writers of the day, we shall present stories by unknown writers, from whom we have received some of the most vigorous narratives on our list.

## THE ART FEATURES

**W**E can not end this little talk without saying a word about the art side of the WEEKLY. In addition to maintaining our position as the leading weekly newspaper of the world, we purpose to make COLLIER'S equal to any art journal in its presentation of illustrative material. The foremost artists of this country are making the illustrations for the short stories that we shall publish; F. X. Leyendecker is making a series of drawings for covers, of which we shall have more to say at another time; Charles Dana Gibson's pictures will continue as double-page features; Frederic Remington has finished eight splendid paintings of Western cowboy life that will appear from time to time during the year, printed in colors; and A. B. Frost has drawn a number of his humorous scenes of rural life.

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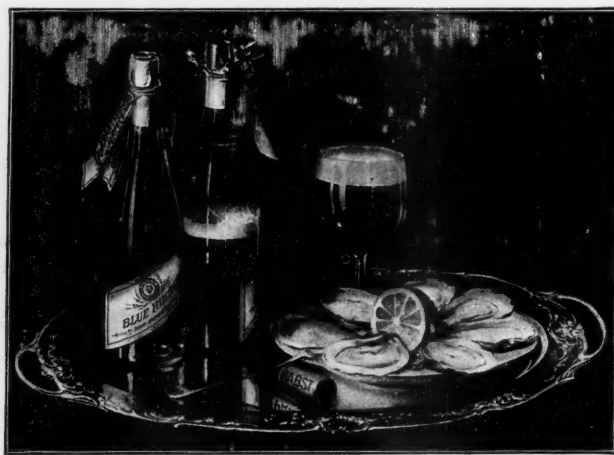
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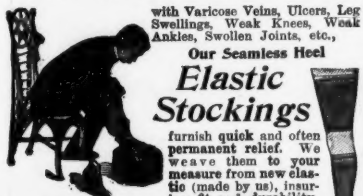
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## EDITORIAL BULLETIN

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

New York, 416-424 West Thirtieth Street : London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C., and The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.

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New York, Saturday, September 26, 1903

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## The Lion's Mouth Contest—Prize Winners for August

The pronouncement from *The Lion's Mouth* upon the August questions concerning typography and make-up is rather less emphatic than usual, and this is natural, for these are largely matters of technique. The pleasant thing about this month's returns, however, is the cheerful response made, as always, by the readers of the WEEKLY to the request for practical interest in its affairs. The prizes have been awarded as follows:

C. E. Barnett, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
F. P. Delgado, New York City.  
Henry Burr Saunders, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Everett G. Hill, New London, Conn.  
Francis Seaman, Perth Amboy, N. J.  
Robert Adamson, New York City.  
Marcus S. Hottenstein, Allentown, Pa.  
Earle N. Law, Evanston, Ill.  
H. J. Healy, Springfield, Mass.  
Edwin T. Stiger, Cambridge, Mass.  
F. F. Forbes, Williamsport, Pa.  
G. W. Johnston, Chicago, Ill.  
Percy P. Vyle, Tompkinsville, N. Y.  
F. E. Scotford, Hinsdale, Ill.  
Ethel Shackelford, New York City.  
James A. Fordham, Anderson, Ind.  
Henry Nelson Bullard, Mound City, Mo.  
Charles R. Wilhelm, Chicago, Ill.  
Edgar R. Lavery, New York City.  
Charles P. Miller, Buffalo, N. Y.

## The Lion's Mouth Contest for September

ONLY one question is put forward in this month's competition. It relates to the more practical business interest of the WEEKLY:

What method, not now in force, can you suggest for increasing the circulation of Collier's?

ALL answers must be received at this office not later than October 5th. If any plan submitted be found of especial practical value under test, a cash prize of \$100.00 will be awarded in addition to the usual twenty prizes aggregating \$329.00.

## A Ten Dollar Prize for a Photograph

COLLIER'S WEEKLY will pay liberally for photographs to be used in "The Focus of the Time." Photographers, both professional and amateur, in all parts of the world are invited to submit pictures. Those that can not be used by us will be returned. Such as are available will be paid for and an additional prize of ten dollars will be awarded to the best photograph published during the month. Two points which will be considered principally in the selection of the prize photograph will be the importance of the picture as a news event, and the quality of the photograph itself. All photographs must bear on the reverse side the date, the name of sender, and explanatory note of the incident with date. Photographs should be addressed to "Art Editor, Collier's Weekly, New York."

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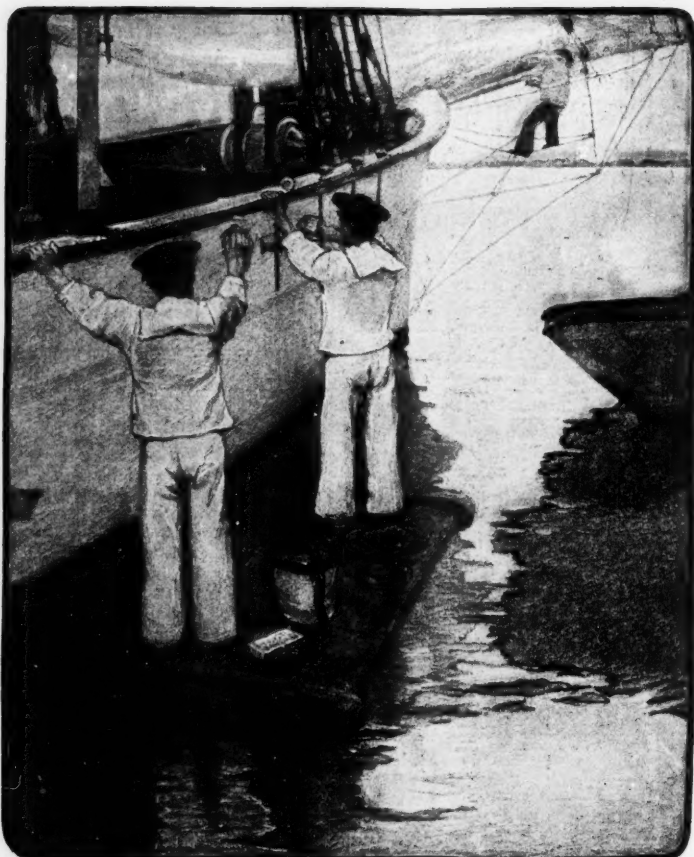
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Those to whom the decoration of homes is entrusted must be able not only to appreciate, but to adapt to Twentieth-Century needs, the excellence of schools so widely varying in form and detail as those of the Italian Renaissance and of the English Elizabethan, of Henry II. and Louis XVI. of France, of the Gothic, of the Thirteenth Century and the Neo-Classic of the Eighteenth, and withal they must be no mere tame copyists, but originators and creators.

As professional interior decorators and furnishers, we place at the disposal of the public our studio with its corps of trained artists and designers, our exclusive line of wallpapers and wall coverings, our fine assortment of upholstery fabrics, our rare collection of classic furniture, our unlimited stock of carpetings and rugs and our unsurpassed facilities for bringing these factors together to attain the highest artistic results.

**BROADWAY AND 19TH STREET  
NEW YORK**



# COLLIER'S

HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR OCTOBER



A SUCCESSFUL SUMMER

DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY



**A**MERICANS, HOWEVER CRITICAL, have a way of doing things in public without the sense of measure. We whoop a man to a dizzy height for nothing and drop him for the same reason. Suppose a good-humored grocer should make a great deal of money, use it to pay a Prince's debts, get thus into the faster wing of British society, acquire a title, buy a lot of yachts, and show equanimity in defeat, a certain reward should normally be his. Unless, however, he has more than money and cheerfulness, need he become a public personage and the cynosure of every eye? Is it dignified that he be looked upon as a national figure, or the nation's guest, as Mr. Chamberlain would be, M. de Witte, or M. Waldeck-Rousseau? Even, we will say, as

HOSPITALITY  
AND SENSE

Meredith, Ibsen, or Tolstoi might be? Is there not a greater trail of Barnumism in our cities than we need, with all due appreciation of that illustrious exponent of publicity? We read with resignation that a marrying duke has imported his solicitors to make sure of a more liberal settlement from his purchaser than was secured a few years ago by a predecessor. We are also willing to read with resignation a few hundred columns about the good humor of a commonplace, however cheery, Irish grocer. If, however, anything happens to these gentlemen, to shake them from their unstable pedestals, their fall will be observed with equal resignation. If the President of the United States, responding to such feelings as these, ever should, however tactlessly, draw the line on some of these ill-proportioned celebrations, he would lose nothing in the opinion of comprehensive thinkers.

**MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S POSITION** is higher to-day than it ever was before. He and Mr. Balfour have set an example of the spirit in which the politics of a country should be conducted. Men of utterly opposite natures, each is wise enough, well trained enough in the more profitable walks of experience, to go together through the most intricate difficulties without any interference of their personal peculiarities with their larger aims in common. It is a spectacle which may well be studied by statesmen upon our side of the

PROTECTION  
IN ENGLAND

water, not only for the courage and long vision involved in Mr. Chamberlain's act, but for the remarkable clearness and courtesy with which the situation is explained to the public. Mr. Chamberlain, in retiring from office to devote himself more freely to his combat for imperial unity, has acted like the large breed of statesmen, to which he belongs. His idea of binding the Empire more firmly together through fiscal relations may be practicable or it may not. Mr. Chamberlain intends to throw his great strength into proving that it is practicable. Recognizing that the public is now against him, he takes off his coat to change the public. If he succeeds, he probably takes a place in the last half-century's English history second only to Gladstone's.

**COPY THIS, YANKEE CLUBS, COPY.** Such is the parting cry of the Chicago "Transatlantica," addressed to *COLLIER'S WEEKLY*, and filled with a patriotism which makes our heart grow warmer. It declares that "the so-called English civilization" is waning in America, through the influence of the newer immigrants, and giving place to a higher one, which is to have many features in common with the land of Dante, Garibaldi, and Columbus. We hope, indeed, the change may be so beneficial. Our difference with the Italian enthusiast is that he thinks a better and stronger influence can be exerted by foreigners who keep apart in rather squalid settlements, read papers in their own language, have separate schools, and think as foreigners rather than as Americans. He almost defends the Mafia in Sicily, and its faint echoes in America,

OUR LOVE OF  
SPAGHETTI

on the ground of failing justice, and we rather think the English respect for law, as the best machinery for civilization and justice, would be worth absorption by our friends from southern Europe. One of them writes to us that the foreign language forms a difficulty. Of course, it does. All we ask is that they master it as soon as may be, like the Germans and Scandinavians. Although southern Italy, from which our immigrants come, has a population very different from central and northern Italy, which is responsible for past glories, we shall hope that the Italian infusion will lend us genius in the future. Nevertheless, mere prudence suggests that we have regulations which will give us the pick rather than the refuse, and experience suggests that the newcomers will be more welcome as American citizens, in substance as well as literally, than as isolated colonies of city proletarians. Cheer up, Italians. You must become Americans some day, and the sooner the better for you and for us.

**BETWEEN LIBERALITY AND WASTE**, as between economy and avarice, a cavern yawns—all the difference between vulgarity and taste, to say nothing of any standard resting on morality. In art we always praise economy of means. It marks the great artist.

Even if the effect sought be sumptuous, any wasted stroke is weakness. So in life, mere waste is feeble, and shows a taste either unformed or gone to seed. Nothing is more essentially vulgar, more opposed to distinction and justness of feeling, than extravagant display. Such a picture Mr. Schwab gave to the world when gambling at Monte Carlo was turned by him into an advertisement of careless riches. In architecture, when the amount of ornament obscures the constructive principles, we see a decadence. In literature, when in the search for eloquence each word fails to fulfill its function in meaning, we have the lower rhetoric. In life, also, when lavishness becomes the dominant note, it means degeneration in taste, talent, and intelligence. Amount can not take the place of quality. Happiness and strength both grow from proportion, balance, measure, and purpose, and not from multiplicity or size of things possessed. The fortunes, which are multiplying so rapidly in number and size among us, inflict upon their possessors a test from which only men of stamina emerge without disintegration. "Disintegration," by the way, is the name chosen for Edith Wharton's next long novel, which portrays vast wealth inherited, without responsibility or established purpose, and no topic could bring the novelist nearer to the actual moment in American society. Necessity, spur at once and guide, is furnished to some men by their own character or talent: for the majority it waits on custom or external circumstance. Hence infinite material choice means groping, perplexity, ennui, seeking rest in whirlpool life, seeking divorce rather for change than from mismating, avoiding children, or relinquishing them to hirelings, chasing pleasure everywhere, learning helplessly that "pleasure never is at home," and that "life without an object can not live." Money should, however, multiply a man's real power and, like other responsibility, intensify his character. This result will occur more often when our rich society has been granted a higher development by ripening Time.

ECONOMY  
AND TASTE

**THE WORD BUT** is sometimes said to be characteristic of Americans. It marks the qualifying spirit, which hesitates at extremes, and likes to adjust the balance of truth. If, for instance, somebody speaks extravagantly of Emerson's genius, the critical spirit replies, "Yes, he was a genius, *but*" he had such and such limitations. If, on the other hand, the limitations are mentioned first at another time, the same spirit observes, "Yes, he has those faults, but he is a genius with it all." "But" expresses the desire to have both sides presented. Carried to excess, the habit leads to argumentativeness and carping. The person who gets only argument out of conversation is usually a barren companion. Sometimes, also, it shows an unkind nature, when the word is used regularly after hearing others praised. It becomes the index of envy or of the absence of enthusiasm. Qualifying too constantly, in appreciation, is like damning with faint praise, or rather praising with an accompaniment of faint damns. The ardent, imaginative temperament makes less use of qualification. Carried along with a rush, whether of praise or reproach, it seldom stops to split the hair of exact truth. "But me no buts," it says. The little word is more leniently treated by judicial and scientific minds. If its constant use is typically American, as the English not infrequently allege, it fits in with the proverbial idea of Uncle Sam—a sort of cautious and sceptical New England farmer, with his "Wahl, I don't jest know"—rather than with the American type which has been developed since the West became a greater element in the compound.

THE USE  
OF BUT

**SOME MEN WHEN DRUNK** are more rational than the sober majority. To arrest some acquaintances of ours for intoxication would be to punish their most gifted hours. We frequently need to appeal from Philip sober to Philip drunk. The degrees of intoxication are even harder to distinguish than the degrees of insanity. Few persons, perhaps, are ideally sane, and few are ideal when either sober or drunk. Policemen decide on rough standards, usually by the gait. Divorce courts, in considering habitual intoxication, range freely over the wide field of their own prejudices. Probate courts, and judges who interpret life-insurance policies, judge intoxication from the standpoint of mental responsibility. In private society it is disapproved, endured, or valued, according to results. Complete drunkenness is now utterly condemned, as once it was not. The man who, "though he never is drunk, sips brandy and water gayly," is judged on his merits socially. Usually he grows duller, but sometimes brighter. It is when we look at drink in its general results that it becomes altogether a dark and solemn tragedy, and the frivolous view becomes impossible. It is when we realize what it means to thousands of laborers and their families, or what it means to the tone of a whole community, as in some parts of Kentucky;

INTOXICATION





or when we realize its frequency as a cause of crime. "The grape, that can, with logic absolute, the two and seventy jarring sects confute," is easy to praise poetically, but all the glamour is knocked out of it if we are confronted with statistics in cold prose. John Fiske believed that man, when thoroughly evolved, would smoke and drink in moderation. Before that time, however, there will be plenty of time for alcohol to pile up more misery than it would be pleasant for any one of us to realize. The difficulties of dealing with it are fully illustrated just now by the difference of opinion about the army canteen—a dispute in which it looks as if moderate drinking in the barracks would win against immoderate drinking elsewhere.

**A** RED MAN was discussing the negro problem. "Yes," he admitted, "the blacks ought to be transported to Africa. Then send the whites to Europe, and the land will be free to its original owners." Not even then; for the Indians probably exterminated a race of people, the Mound Builders, immeasurably their superiors. Between races, right is a vague idea. Does it rest in priority of time? Such a standard opposes civilization. Does it rest on force? Only a few cynics, like Bismarck and Napoleon, would simplify it so brutally. The nearest we can come to a satisfying standard is superiority. Superior development gives us the right to rule, but only with the understanding that *noblesse oblige*. Our right to rule the Filipinos is undoubted, provided we rule them, as Governor Taft did, for their own advancement. Only cranks regret England's government in India and Egypt. We forbid to England and Germany a foothold in South America, not for the sake

AS OTHERS  
SEE US

of South Americans, but for our own repose. In a retrograde fanatic like the Turk we recognize no rights. When superior people, like the Finns and Poles, are outraged by the Russians, fear may hold the world in check, but its sense of justice revolts to a degree far greater than when the higher robs the lower. The shrinking from negro domination or equality is part of this instinct, as near a fundamental ground of justice as blind human thought has reached. There were in the United States proper, not including Alaska, in 1900, 237,196 Indians, and according to some authorities there never were over 600,000. Although they are "the worst and most worthless set of people in this country," recent statistics show that they have in the United States \$35,636,037.47, drawing \$1,721,913.33 yearly, and an annual income altogether of \$5,338,880.54. This is only about fifty cents a week apiece, to be sure, but it does not include private property or earnings. Abstract justice, like that of the Indian who would transport both black and white, only makes us laugh. Real justice does what it can for Indians, negroes, or Filipinos, but only while conserving primarily the welfare of their superiors.

**I**N ANCIENT POLITICS, liberty meant the freedom of the State from control by individuals; with us it more often means freedom of the individual from needless regulation by the State. Professor Knowlton, drawing this antithesis, illustrates the Athenian view by the institution of ostracism, which was not banishment by judicial process, but an authoritative request to leave the country. When a citizen voted to ostracise Aristides, because he was tired of hearing him called the Just, he was acting on the theory that the State should be free of too strong a personal influence, however good. In such a case as the Northern Securities decision, we see the two principles confronting each other. Opponents of any interference with individual enterprise deem the attack on mergers

TWO KINDS  
OF LIBERTY

an outrage. The other view, protecting the public from too great influence by any corporation, now under consideration in the Circuit Court, is expected to win in the Supreme Court, which will hand down a decision this autumn. To-day men do not meet such questions on party lines, but in early days the Democratic party stood for more of each kind of liberty than the Republican. It was more jealous of individual influence, and also of State power. If an Athenian came to America, and could realize our influences without changing his own understanding of law, he would undoubtedly set about ostracising various citizens. Whether or not he believed the Standard Oil Company guilty of salting opposition wells, he would probably vote to ostracise Mr. Rockefeller. Senator Platt, Senator Quay, Postmaster-General Payne, Senator Hanna, and a few other possessors of great influence, who are in no danger from the law, might be forced to migrate, if the Athenian system were in vogue.

**T**HE SUPPLY OF DUKES CONTINUES, and the supply of dollars also. If Mr. Rockefeller had a daughter, King Edward might have to create a special kind of peer for her, or let her marry into the royal family. The latest American prospective duchess is worth twenty or thirty millions, but Mr. Rockefeller's

fortune is supposed to increase by fifty millions in a single year. We recommend to England a special act of Parliament, putting women on an equality in titles, so that an American who marries a duke's daughter may become a duke, just as a girl who marries a duke's oldest son probably becomes a duchess. This principle would bring into England far more money than the present arrangement, since the American men are richer than the women! Imagine the daughter of a poverty-stricken duke or earl getting hold of the income of nearly a billion dollars to play with, or, as they say, to keep up the estate. Mr. Rockefeller, as the Duke of Oxford or Lancaster, would be something worth beholding. The act should provide for residence in Eng-  
land, for otherwise that country would lose the money, and we should speedily have a breed of dukes. We are glad to send American girls abroad to infect the nobility with modern ideas, but importing duchesses, and making dukes out of our millionaires, right here at home, would be another story. American girls who purchase noblemen never bring them to live at home. Indeed, they usually marry for something which they can get better abroad. If, however, fashion ever changes to such a degree that America becomes a greater place socially than England, we may have to face the puzzle of imported titles and what to do with them. Perhaps, however, when that revolution comes, it will be less glory to own a duke, or make acquaintance with the Emperor.

AMERICANIZING  
THE DUKES

**T**HE SOUTH POSSESSES admirable newspapers. One of them is not the "Atlanta News." It grieves us to observe the passion of this extraordinary fire-eater. Its fury is monstrous, prodigious, incredible. It ramps, as one without the guiding power of brains. Crossing a fool in his folly is "nuts" compared to reasoning with the "Atlanta News." It lumps together COLLIER'S WEEKLY and David Bennett Hill. Mr. Hill it accuses of ice-water in the veins, celibacy, selfishness, and forty years at law, while the editor of COLLIER'S is made responsible for crimes ranging from presumption to civil war. Has the editor of the "Atlanta News" ever tried a course in some rustic sanitarium? He might come out in condition, when the wind is southerly, to tell a hawk from a heronshaw. This gentleman now argues that as the present tariff was passed according to legal forms, and is nevertheless robbery, it is absurd to object to negro-bakes, which are illegal.

BARKING  
IN ATLANTA

If law is theft, his mind reasons, illegality is virtue. Immediately after this feat, surpassing the Hatter or the March Hare in "Alice in Wonderland," the paper vents contempt on the "Parian marble consciences," which "repudiated the law" permitting African slavery, and put down the rebellion. No wonder such a reasoner speaks of lynching as "the higher law." The best opinion, North and South, is united. The burden of our hardest problem is borne by the South. Northern States lynch as readily as Southern, when the provocation is as great, but what is crime and degradation north of Mason and Dixon's line is degrading crime also south of it. There is no sectional law of murder. The editor of the "Atlanta News," who recently made a retrograde speech at Chautauqua, and now explodes his vocabulary at our amiable and well-meaning head, would be just as muddled a thinker and unfortunate a phenomenon if he lived in Boston as he is living in Atlanta.

**H**ONOR THE MULE. His father, the ass, and his mother, the mare, may be more aristocratic, but the mule has worked his way in the world, and has been worthy of his hire. Like the ass and the goat, he has been among the firm animals, positive in character. Moreover, "forty acres and a mule" is a landmark in history, a cry as famous as "forty-nine forty or fight." Now this picturesque, historic beast is threatened with extinction. As he is an artificial product, like the apricot and quince, and not even reproductive, as soon as he is not worth the trouble of manufacture he will cease to be. What threatens his footing is the zebrula, child of the zebra and the horse. The opening up of Africa, especially the eastern part, has discovered large numbers of zebras, an animal deemed nearly extinct; a United States Consul has reported their merits to our State Department; and Hagenbeck is expected to undertake their production and distribution. The zebrula, with his inheritance of brilliant stripes, is prettier than the mule. He is immune to certain diseases, which gives him an advantage in the tropics. Probably he is inferior in stubbornness, length of ear, and power to kick. These traits are not valued by commerce, but they help create an animal as picturesque as any in the world. Perhaps the zebrula will not extirpate the mule entirely. He may find certain climates unbearable. Ours may be one of those climates, and all may yet be well. There are better animals, but none that we should be more loth to lose.

THE FUTURE  
OF THE MULE



## MEN AND DOINGS : A Paragraphic Record of the World's News

**The Invasion of New York.**—Despite the Salvationists' raid on Kentucky, Castro's invasion of Colombia, the military-canteen war, the edict of railroad Solons that men under thirty-five have passed the age of usefulness, the discovery that the X-Ray will restore hair, the Yellow Peril—and a few other distracting news



John A. Dowie

events—the greatest American invasion goes steadily forward in preparation. Dr. John Alexander Dowie, Sheik, Prophet, Valiyy and supreme ruler of Zion City, is about to make a descent on New York City and particularly on the New York Stock Exchange, the "Real Curse of the Country." Elijah II. and three to five thousand evangelists are now in training for the crusade on the Sodom of the East. Ten railroad trains will transport the host eastward. The date of arrival in New York is set for October 16. The Prophet himself will come in a gorgeous private car, equipped with every modern luxury and a complete telegraph system, that he may keep in touch with both the faithful and the unfaithful. The invading army will encamp in Madison Square, temporarily transformed into Elijah Hospice—Zion City for Hotel. The metropolis will be divided into districts for missionary work. There will be prayers, many of them, divine-healing teaching, street meetings, distribution of tracts, and soul-saving of unregenerate business men, stock-brokers, and journalists. Under the shadow of the eighty-foot highball, the Zionists will exhort Dives and restore Lazarus with "divine healing." Zion must be run on a business-like financial plan. A valiyyet, which can pay its vice-sheiks as high as twelve thousand dollars per official, and send five thousand restorationists halfway across the Continent for fifteen days proselytizing in the imperial city, settling for travelling expenses, lodging, and food—must be in a thriving condition indeed.

**News from the Navy.**—Our first mishap in warship launching took place when the United States fifteen thousand-ton armored cruiser *Maryland* was started down the ways of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company, on September 12. The melting of the tallow on the runway was the cause of the cruiser becoming a prisoner in the mud, even as the strains of "Maryland, My Maryland" joyfully proclaimed her salt-water baptism. Miss Jennie Scott Waters of Baltimore, equipped with the traditional bottle of champagne, nevertheless christened the new devastator, and prominent officials forecast the glory of her career. The *Maryland* is one of the six armored cruisers authorized by the Fifty-sixth Congress, designed for high speed, coupled with strength, fighting ability, and great radius of action. She is expected to make twenty-two knots an hour. . . .



Miss Jennie S. Waters

After a voyage of seventy-two days, the United States Army transport *Kilpatrick* arrived from Manila with nearly four hundred officers and men of the Fifth Regular Infantry, and the bodies of three hundred and two soldiers who met their death in the Philippines service—to be unloaded into express wagons from wharf to depot "unless claimed." A number of the bodies are those of victims of the Balangiga massacre in Samar, in December of 1901.

**Pension Reforms and a Pension Commissioner.**—Pension Commissioner Ware, in his annual report, strikes hard at the private and domestic standing of beneficiaries of the wars of the Republic. Criminal convictions are to abrogate pensions, widows of old pensioners may abandon that form of financial speculation, periodical examinations of pensioners are to be made, and superannuated clerks are to be retired. The total number of pensioners on the rolls is 996,545. The administration of Mr. Ware, though criticised for innovations, stands unimpeached for honesty, the most serious charge against him being his request to a pension examiner to resign, "that the political balance of the board might accord with the policy of the administration." The lesion of strict individual honesty has afflicted at least one predecessor in office. This curious story, coming from Washington, relates how a former Pension Office incumbent—now holding high credit to a great but unfortunate nation over the seas—prepared, and received a check for, a certain newspaper article, which article,

before publication, the eminent author offered for sale through an agent, though he had already disposed of all rights in the original "story." His explanation of his unique action was even more curious than his general ideas of the values of *meum* and *tuum*.

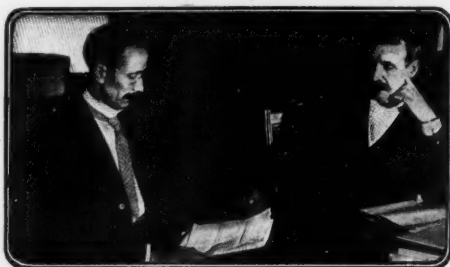
**The Great Storm, and Garibaldi's End.**—Reports coming in September 12 of the great hurricane which raged over England and France conveyed news of terrible havoc wrought by the first of the usual autumn storms. Lloyd's—that funereal recorder of the sea—reported more than fifty casualties in shipping, much damage done on the British coast, many bodies cast ashore, and wrecks of coastwise vessels. The gale also caused great havoc along the French coast. From Havre, Cherbourg, and Dieppe the storm extended inland, and the champagne district of Rheims was wind and rain swept. . . . Across the seas two players in the real drama of the world have passed to the great beyond. Menotti Garibaldi, glorious son of a glorious patriot, died in Rome, on August 22. The body lay in state and was visited by many Garibaldian veterans. In the gray dawn, as the gun-carriage rumbled across the Roman Campagna, a troop of horsemen dashed up, and Gabriele d'Annunzio laid an oak sprig upon the patriot's bier. King Victor Emmanuel sent a farewell message: "In Menotti Garibaldi, died a man, a fervent patriot, a valorous soldier, and a loyal friend." Garibaldi fought through all the wars for



Menotti Garibaldi Lying in State at Rome

independence. . . . Professor Cardarelli, an eminent physician of Rome and a member of the Senate, started a bitter controversy by publishing an article to the effect that Pope Leo XIII died of cancer, and that the nature of the disease should have been apparent to his attending physicians. Drs. Lapponi and Mazzoni thereupon responded that the real cause of death was well known to them, that it was tuberculous cancer, and that Cardinal Rampolla having refused to allow them to state the facts of the case, they swore to the truth and filed statements with Cardinal Rampolla and the Pope's major-domo, in order to protect their professional reputations.

**The Bogie of the Boodlers.**—Seymour W. Tulloch has again come into the public calcium light, in connection with the completion of the investigation work of Messrs. Payne and Bristow. In October are expected the last scenes of the Federal drama which that gentleman was largely instrumental in placing upon the public stage. Curiously enough, little has been written about the personality of the "chief accuser." Mr. Tulloch, now about forty-seven years of age, held office from 1879 under four successive Postmasters, finally receiving his congé from Postmaster Merritt. The *bête noire* of Government boodlers is a rich man through inheritance and quite independent of official patronage. While the postal investigations were drifting along in rather a desultory fashion, Tulloch was brought upon the scene through some published reminiscences of certain unique customs and manners of Departmental procedure. This started the avalanche which is resulting in the last avatar in public and social life of many hitherto highly respectable gentlemen.



Postmaster-General Payne and Mr. Bristow in Consultation

**The Yellow Peril.**—"Irony of Ironies—the Nations of Christendom come to teach us by fire and the sword. Woe is Europe!" The publication of a perplexing little book, "Letters of a Chinese Official"—which could have been written by Tolstoi—duelling the working doctrines of Christ and Confucius, has added emphasis to a note of warning sounded months ago by Admiral Evans, which now seems to have had a *raison d'être*. The Yellow Peril is racking the nerves of diplomats. A Chinese invasion, such as suggested by our Fighting Admiral and Orientalists of acumen, would parallel in modern systems the historic march of the Mongols. A thousand Gatlings would have stopped Attila or Timur Beg. A new Mongol raid upon Europe, backed by an army drawn from the pick of four hundred million Chinese, would swamp into insignificance the trivial insurrection of the Balkanese and the result of the cowardly baiting of Turkey's ruler. That war is in the wind apparently is no figment of international apprehension. The coffin of Mahomet no longer swings between heaven and earth. For the Sheik of Medina has said it, and comes veritable report of the Prophet's arising, and his cry, "Allah! Save thy people," rings through Mahometan lands. Bulgaria, according to despatches dated September 15, made a final appeal to the Powers to check Turkish encroachments on Macedonian territory. The Porte, too, is desirous of temporizing. Acting on the request of United States Minister Leishman, it dismissed Reschid Pacha, Vali of Beirut, and has appointed Nazim Pacha in his place. Also, like Kipling's "Condemned of Chicago," to all complaints Turkey makes fervid promise of amendment, and unless the impossible is insisted upon, it will be difficult to devise some plan by which the *entente cordiale* may be disturbed between the Dead Nation of the East and the Strenuous Nation of the West.



U. S. Minister Leishman

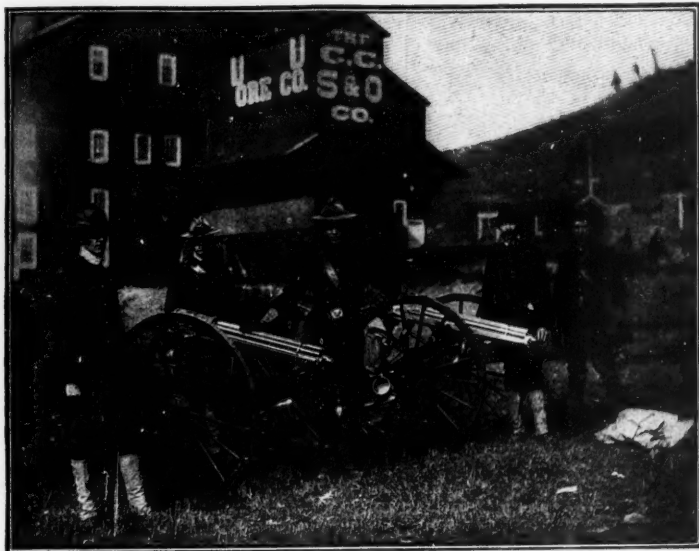
**Signor Marconi, and the "War Wagon."**—In two months the Marconi Wireless Company expects to be doing business across the ocean. The steamship *Lucania* of the Cunard line, on her recent passage from Liverpool to New York, carrying Signor Marconi, was in wireless communication with the world during her entire voyage from shore to shore. Messages were received from Crookhaven on the Irish coast until the liner was one hundred and fifteen miles on her voyage. The results of the Cup races were received from Table Head, Cape Breton, also warning of a derelict in the ocean liner's lane, and Sagaponack, L. I., was "lifted" as the home station. According to the inventor, in November commercial messages will be regularly despatched across the Atlantic between Cape Breton and Poldhu. In addition to wireless equipment for military service, a devil-wagon has been adopted. The motor-car, an innovation which General Miles overlooked (possibly because an American engineer was the cause of the non-adoption of automobile artillery in the British army) in his now celebrated "last letter," and which Uncle Sam sent to Leavenworth, Kansas, for field tests, is a particularly ugly but effective machine-box on wheels. It is not only equipped to aid disabled artillerists, but can literally pull itself out of the mud if need be. The new American auto-car, made in New York, is the first of its kind ever constructed. The war machine, with its soldier chauffeurs, is calculated to be on hand to repair field artillery, and do it under its own electric light, if necessary. It will shoe artillery horses, repair harness, saddles, signal-apparatus, and small-arms. The engine is calculated to drive the machine a distance of three hundred miles at any rate up to ten miles an hour. Automobiles are being successfully substituted for running horses as "pacing machines." In the recent speed trial, the plucky trotter Cresceus, at Dayton, Ohio, finished even with a devil-car, and made a world's record for the half-mile track, after the running mate had fallen behind and the automobile had taken his place.

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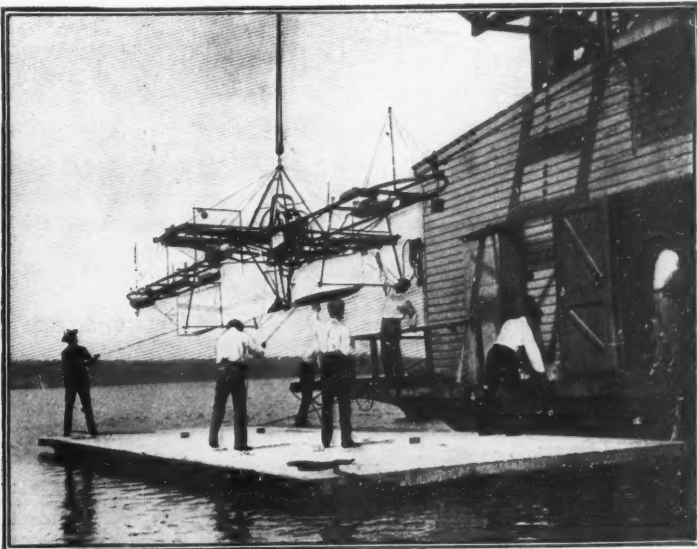


Latest Portrait of Signor Marconi





Colorado Militia Protecting the Cripple Creek Ore Sampling Company's Plant During the Recent Strike at Cripple Creek



Hoisting the Langley Airship to the Top of the Launching Stage at Widewater, on the Potomac, Preparatory to the Recent Unsuccessful Attempt at a Flight

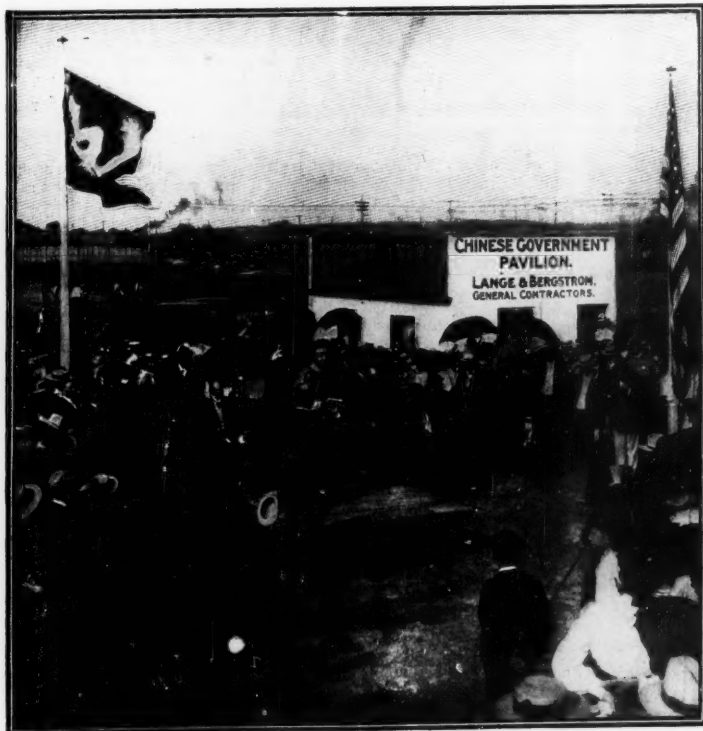


Albanian Recruits on the Way to the Front



Arrival at Salonika of Turkish Troops from Asia

THE UPRISING IN MACEDONIA



Commissioner Wong Kai Kah Delivering the Address at the Dedication of China's Pavilion at the St. Louis Exposition



Dedication of the Statue Commemorative of the Battle of Lake George, at Lake George, September 7

THE FOCUS OF THE TIME

A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF CURRENT EVENTS

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# The RETURN of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Illustrated by F. D. STEELE

## I.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE EMPTY HOUSE



IT WAS IN THE SPRING of the year 1894 that all London was interested, and the fashionable world dismayed, by the murder of the Honorable Ronald Adair under most unusual and inexplicable circumstances. The public has already learned those particulars of the crime which came out in the police investigation; but a good deal was suppressed upon that occasion, since the case for the prosecution was so overwhelmingly strong that it was not necessary to bring forward all the facts. Only now, at the end of nearly ten years, am I allowed to supply those missing links which make up the whole of that remarkable chain. The crime was of interest in itself, but that interest was as nothing to me compared to the inconceivable sequel, which afforded me the greatest shock and surprise of any event in my adventurous life. Even now, after this long interval, I find myself thrilling as I think of it, and feeling once more that sudden flood of joy, amazement, and incredulity which utterly submerged my mind. Let me say to that public which has shown some interest in those glimpses which I have occasionally given them of the thoughts and actions of a very remarkable man that they are not to blame me if I have not shared my knowledge with them, for I should have considered it my first duty to do so had I not been barred by a positive prohibition from his own lips, which was only withdrawn upon the third of last month.

It can be imagined that my close intimacy with Sherlock Holmes had interested me deeply in crime, and that after his disappearance I never failed to read with care the various problems which came before the public, and I even attempted more than once for my own private satisfaction to employ his methods in their solution, though with indifferent success. There was none, however, which appealed to me like this tragedy of Ronald Adair. As I read the evidence at the inquest, which led up to a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown, I realized more clearly than I had ever done the loss which the community had sustained by the death of Sherlock Holmes. There were points about this strange business which would, I was sure, have specially appealed to him, and the efforts of the police would have been supplemented, or more probably anticipated, by the trained observation and the alert mind of the first criminal agent in Europe. All day as I drove upon my round I turned over the case in my mind, and found no explanation which appeared to me to be adequate. At the risk of telling a twice-told tale I will recapitulate the facts as they were known to the public at the conclusion of the inquest.

The Honorable Ronald Adair was the second son of the Earl of Maynooth, at that time Governor of one of the Australian Colonies. Adair's mother had returned from Australia to undergo the operation for cataract, and she, her son Ronald, and her daughter Hilda were living together at 427 Park Lane. The youth moved in the best society; had, so far as was known, no enemies, and no particular vices. He had been engaged to Miss Edith Woodley of Carstairs, but the engagement had been broken off by mutual consent some months before, and there was no sign that it had left any very profound feeling behind it. For the rest the man's life moved in a narrow and conventional circle, for his habits were quiet and his nature unemotional. Yet it was upon this easy-going young aristocrat that death came in most strange and unexpected form between the hours of 10 and 11:20 on the night of March 30, 1894.

Ronald Adair was fond of cards, playing continually, but never for such stakes as would hurt him. He was a member of the Baldwin, the Cavendish, and the Bagatelle card clubs. It was shown that after dinner on the day of his death he had played a rubber of whist at the latter club. He had also played there in the afternoon. The evidence of those who had played with him—Mr. Murray, Sir John Hardy, and Colonel Moran—showed that the game was whist, and that there was a fairly equal fall of the cards. Adair might have lost five pounds, but not more. His fortune was a considerable one, and such a loss could not in any way affect him. He had played nearly every day at one club or

other, but he was a cautious player, and usually rose a winner. It came out in evidence that in partnership with Colonel Moran he had actually won as much as four hundred and twenty pounds in a sitting some weeks before from Godfrey Milner and Lord Balmoral. So much for his recent history, as it came out at the inquest.

On the evening of the crime he returned from the club exactly at ten. His mother and sister were out spending the evening with a relation. The servant deposed that she heard him enter the front room on the second floor, generally used as his sitting-room. She had lighted a fire there, and as it smoked she had opened the window. No sound was heard from the room until 11:20, the hour of the return of Lady Maynooth and her daughter. Desiring to say good-night, she had attempted to enter her son's room. The door was locked on the inside, and no answer could be got to their cries and knocking. Help was obtained and the door forced. The unfortunate young man was found lying near the table. His head had been horribly mutilated by an expanding revolver bullet, but no weapon of any sort was to be found in the room. On the table lay two banknotes for ten pounds each and seventeen pounds ten in silver and gold, the money arranged in little piles of varying amount. There were some figures also upon a sheet of paper with the names of some club friends opposite to them, from which it was conjectured that before his death he was endeavoring to make out his losses or winnings at cards.

A minute examination of the circumstances served only to make the case more complex. In the first place, no reason could be given why the young man should have fastened the door upon the inside. There was the possibility that the murderer had done this and had afterward escaped by the window. The drop was at least twenty feet, however, and a bed of crocuses in full bloom lay beneath. Neither the flowers nor the earth showed any sign of having been disturbed, nor were there any marks upon the narrow strip of grass which separated the house from the road. Apparently, therefore, it was the young man himself who had fastened the door. But how did he come by his death? No one could have climbed up to the window without leaving traces. Suppose a man had fired through the window, it would indeed be a remarkable shot who could with a revolver inflict so deadly a wound. Again, Park Lane is a frequented thoroughfare, and there is a cab stand within a hundred yards of the house. No one had heard a shot. And yet there was the dead

suspected of being a plain-clothes detective, was pointing out some theory of his own, while the others crowded round to listen to what he said. I got as near him as I could, but his observations seemed to me to be absurd, so I withdrew again in some disgust. As I did so I struck against an elderly deformed man, who had been behind me, and I knocked down several books which he was carrying. I remember that as I picked them up I observed the title of one of them, "The Origin of Tree Worship," and it struck me that the fellow must be some poor bibliophile who, either as a trade or as a hobby, was a collector of obscure volumes. I endeavored to apologize for the accident, but it was evident that these books which I had so unfortunately maltreated were very precious objects in the eyes of their owner. With a snarl of contempt he turned upon his heel, and I saw his curved back and white side-whiskers disappear among the throng.

My observations of No. 427 Park Lane did little to clear up the problem in which I was interested. The house was separated from the street by a low wall and railing, the whole not more than five feet high. It was perfectly easy, therefore, for any one to get into the garden, but the window was entirely inaccessible, since there was no water-pipe or anything which could help the most active man to climb it. More puzzled than ever, I retraced my steps to Kensington. I had not been in my study five minutes when the maid entered to say that a person desired to see me. To my astonishment it was none other than my strange old book-collector, his sharp, wizened face peering out from a frame of white hair, and his precious volumes, a dozen of them at least, wedged under his right arm.

"You're surprised to see me, sir," said he, in a strange, croaking voice.

I acknowledged that I was.

"Well, I've a conscience, sir, and when I chanced to see you go into this house, as I came hobbling after you, I thought to myself, 'I'll just step in and see that kind gentleman, and tell him that if I was a bit gruff in my manner there was not any harm meant, and that I am much obliged to him for picking up my books.'"

"You make too much of a trifle," said I. "May I ask how you knew who I was?"

"Well, sir, if it isn't too great a liberty, I am a neighbor of yours, for you'll find my little bookshop at the corner of Church Street, and very happy to see you, I am sure. Maybe you collect yourself, sir; here's 'British Birds,' and 'Catullus,' and 'The Holy War'—a bargain every one of them.

With five volumes you could just fill that gap on that second shelf. It looks untidy, does it not, sir?"

I moved my head to look at the cabinet behind me. When I turned again Sherlock Holmes was standing smiling at me across my study table. I rose to my feet, stared at him for some seconds in utter amazement, and then it appears that I must have fainted for the first and the last time in my life. Certainly a gray mist swirled before my eyes, and when it cleared I found my collar ends undone and the tingling after-taste of brandy upon my lips. Holmes was bending over my chair, his flask in his hand.

"My dear Watson," said the well-remembered voice, "I owe you a thousand apologies. I had no idea that you would be so affected."

I gripped him by the arm. "Holmes!" I cried. "Is it really you? Can it indeed be that you are alive? Is it possible that you succeeded in climbing out of that awful abyss?"

"Wait a moment," said



WITH A SNARL HE TURNED UPON HIS HEEL



he. "Are you sure that you are really fit to discuss things? I have given you a serious shock by my unnecessarily dramatic reappearance."

"I am all right, but indeed, Holmes, I can hardly believe my eyes. Good heavens, to think that you—you of all men—should be standing in my study!" Again I gripped him by the sleeve and felt the thin, sinewy arm beneath it. "Well, you're not a spirit, anyhow," said I. "My dear chap, I am overjoyed to see you. Sit down and tell me how you came alive out of that dreadful chasm."

He sat opposite to me and lighted a cigarette in his old nonchalant manner. He was dressed in the seedy frockcoat of the book merchant, but the rest of that individual lay in a pile of white hair and old books upon the table. Holmes looked even thinner and keener than of old, but there was a dead-white tinge in his aquiline face which told me that his life recently had not been a healthy one.

"I am glad to stretch myself, Watson," said he. "It is no joke when a tall man has to take a foot off his stature for several hours on end. Now, my dear fellow, in the matter of these explanations we have, if I may ask for your co-operation, a hard and dangerous night's work in front of us. Perhaps it would be better if I gave you an account of the whole situation when that work is finished."

"I am full of curiosity. I should much prefer to hear now."

"You'll come with me to-night?"

"When you like and where you like."

"This is indeed like the old days. We shall have time for a mouthful of dinner before we need go. Well, then, about that chasm. I had no serious difficulty in getting out of it, for the very simple reason that I never was in it."

"You never were in it?"

"No, Watson, I never was in it. My note to you was absolutely genuine. I had little doubt that I had come to the end of my career when I perceived the somewhat sinister figure of the late Professor Moriarty standing upon the narrow pathway which led to safety. I read an inexorable purpose in his gray eyes. I exchanged some remarks with him, therefore, and obtained his courteous permission to write the short note which you afterward received. I left it with my cigarette-box and my stick, and I walked along the pathway, Moriarty still at my heels. When I reached the end I stood at bay. He drew no weapon, but he rushed at me and threw his long arms around me. He knew that his own game was up, and was only anxious to revenge himself upon me. We tottered together upon the brink of the fall. I have some knowledge, however, of ju jitsu, or the Japanese system of wrestling, which has more than once been very useful to me. I slipped through his grip, and he with a horrible scream kicked madly for a few seconds and clawed the air with both his hands. But for all his efforts he could not get his balance and over he went. With my face over the brink, I saw him fall for a long way. Then he struck a rock, bounded off, and splashed into the water."

I listened with amazement to this explanation, which Holmes delivered between the puffs of his cigarette.

"But the tracks!" I cried. "I saw with my own eyes that two went down the path and none returned."

"It came about in this way.

The instant that the Professor had disappeared it struck me what a really extraordinarily lucky chance Fate had placed in my way. I knew that Moriarty was not the only man who had sworn my death. There were at least three others whose desire for vengeance upon me would only be increased by the death of their leader. They were all most dangerous men. One or other would certainly get me. On the other hand, if all the world were convinced that I was dead they would take liberties, these men; they would lay themselves open, and sooner or later I could destroy them. Then it would be time for me to announce that I was still in the land of the living. So rapidly does the brain act that I believe I had thought all this out before Professor Moriarty had reached the bottom of the Reichenbach Fall.

"I stood up and examined the rocky wall behind me. In your picturesque account of the matter, which I read with great interest some months later, you assert that the wall is sheer. This is not literally true. A few small footholds presented themselves, and there was some indication of a ledge. The cliff is so high that to climb it all was an obvious impossibility, and it was equally impossible to make my way along the wet path without leaving some tracks. I might, it is true, have reversed my boots, as I have done on similar occasions, but the sight of three sets of tracks in one direction would certainly have suggested a deception. On the whole, then, it was best that I should risk the climb. It was not a pleasant business, Watson. The fall roared beneath me. I am not a fanciful person, but I give you my word that I seemed to hear Moriarty's voice screaming at me out of the abyss. A mistake would

have been fatal. More than once, as tufts of grass came out in my hand or my foot slipped in the wet notches of the rock, I thought that I was gone. But I struggled upward, and at last I reached a ledge several feet deep and covered with soft green moss, where I could lie unseen in the most perfect comfort. There I was stretched when you, my dear Watson, and all your following were investigating in the most sympathetic and inefficient manner the circumstances of my death.

"At last, when you had all formed your inevitable and totally erroneous conclusions, you departed for the hotel and I was left alone. I had imagined that I had reached the end of my adventures, but a very unexpected occurrence showed me that there were surprises still in store for me. A huge rock, falling from above, boomed past me, struck the path, and bounded over into the chasm. For an instant I thought that it was an accident; but a moment later, looking up, I saw a man's head against the darkening sky, and another stone struck the very ledge upon which I was stretched, within a foot of my head. Of course, the meaning of this was obvious. Moriarty had not been alone. A confederate—and even that one glance had told me how dangerous a man that confederate was—had kept guard while the Professor attacked me. From a distance, unseen by me, he had been a witness of his friend's death and of my escape. He had waited, and then, making his way round to the top of the cliff, had endeavored to succeed where his comrade had failed.

"I did not take long to think about it, Watson. Again I saw that grim face look over the cliff, and

travelled for two years in Tibet, therefore, and amused myself by visiting Lhasa and spending some days with the head Llama. You may have read of the remarkable explorations of a Norwegian named Sigerson, but I am sure that it never occurred to you that you were receiving news of your friend. I then passed through Persia, looked in at Mecca, and paid a short but interesting visit to the Khalifa at Khartoum, the results of which I have communicated to the Foreign Office. Returning to France, I spent some months in a research into the coal-tar derivatives, which I conducted in a laboratory at Montpellier, in the south of France. Having concluded this to my satisfaction, and learning that only one of my enemies was now left in London, I was about to return when my movements were hastened by the news of this very remarkable Park Lane Mystery, which not only appealed to me by its own merits, but seemed to offer some most peculiar personal opportunities. I came over at once to London, called in my own person at Baker Street, threw Mrs. Hudson into violent hysterics, and found that Mycroft had preserved my rooms and my papers exactly as they had always been. So it was, my dear Watson, that at two o'clock to-day I found myself in my old armchair in my own old room, and only wishing that I could have seen my old friend Watson in the other chair which he has so often adorned."

Such was the remarkable narrative to which I listened on that April evening—a narrative which would have been utterly incredible to me had it not been confirmed by the actual sight of the tall, spare figure and the keen, eager face, which I had never thought to see again. In some manner he had learned of my own sad

bereavement, and his sympathy was shown in his manner rather than in his words. "Work is the best antidote to sorrow, my dear Watson," said he, "and I have a piece of work for us both to-night which, if we can bring it to a successful conclusion, will in itself justify a man's life on this planet." In vain I begged him to tell me more. "You will hear and see enough before morning," he answered. "We have three years of the past to discuss. Let that suffice until half-past nine, when we start upon the notable adventure of the empty house."

It was indeed like old times when, at that hour, I found myself seated beside him in a handsome, my revolver in my pocket and the thrill of adventure in my heart. Holmes was cold and stern and silent. As the gleam of the street-lamps flashed upon his austere features, I saw that his brows were drawn down in thought and his thin lips compressed. I knew not what wild beast we were about to hunt down in the dark jungle of criminal London, but I was well assured from the bearing of this master huntsman that the adventure was a most grave one, while the sardonic smile which occasionally broke through his ascetic gloom boded little good for the object of our quest.

I had imagined that we were bound for Baker Street, but Holmes stopped the cab at the corner of Cavendish Square. I observed that as he stepped out he gave a most searching glance to right and left, and at every subsequent street corner he took the utmost pains to assure that he was not followed. Our route was certainly a singular one. Holmes's knowledge of the byways of London was extraordinary, and on this occasion he passed rapidly, and with an assured step, through a network of mews and stables, the very existence of which I had never

known. We emerged at last into a small road, lined with old, gloomy houses, which led us into Manchester Street, and so to Blandford Street. Here he turned swiftly down a narrow passage, passed through a wooden gate into a deserted yard, and then opened with a key the back door of a house. We entered together, and he closed it behind us.

The place was pitch-dark, but it was evident to me that it was an empty house. Our feet creaked and crackled over the bare planking, and my outstretched hand touched a wall from which the paper was hanging in ribbons. Holmes's cold, thin fingers closed round my wrist and led me forward down a long hall, until I dimly saw the murky fanlight over the door. Here Holmes turned suddenly to the right, and we found ourselves in a large, square, empty room, heavily shadowed in the corners, but faintly lighted in the centre from the lights of the street beyond. There was no lamp near, and the window was thick with dust, so that we could only just discern each other's figures within. My companion put his hand upon my shoulder and his lips close to my ear.

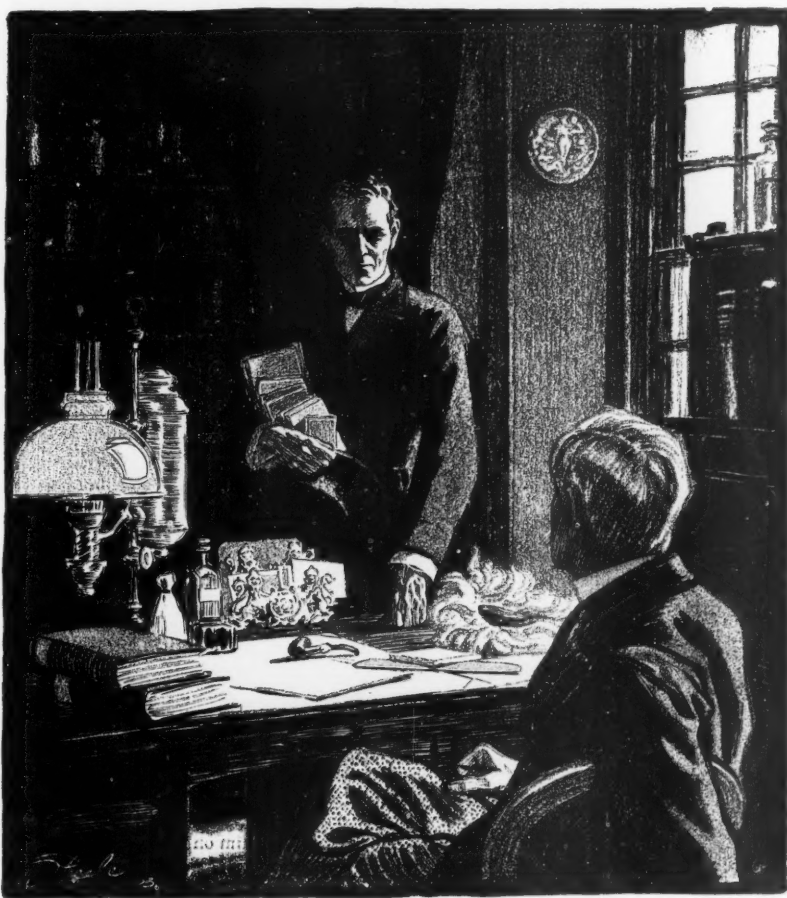
"Do you know where we are?" he whispered.

"Surely that is Baker Street," I answered, staring through the dim window.

"Exactly. We are in Camden House, which stands opposite to our own old quarters."

"But why are we here?"

"Because it commands so excellent a view of that picturesque pile. Might I trouble you, my dear Watson, to draw a little nearer to the window, taking every precaution not to show yourself, and then to look up at



SHERLOCK HOLMES STOOD SMILING AT ME OVER MY STUDY TABLE

I knew that it was the precursor of another stone. I scrambled down on to the path. I don't think I could have done it in cold blood. It was a hundred times more difficult than getting up. But I had no time to think of the danger, for another stone sang past me as I hung by my hands from the edge of the ledge. Halfway down I slipped, but by the blessing of God I landed, torn and bleeding, upon the path. I took to my heels, did ten miles over the mountains in the darkness, and a week later I found myself in Florence with the certainty that no one in the world knew what had become of me.

"I had only one confidant—my brother Mycroft. I owe you many apologies, my dear Watson, but it was all-important that it should be thought that I was dead, and it is quite certain that you would not have written so convincing an account of my unhappy end had you not yourself thought that it was true. Several times during the last three years I have taken up my pen to write to you, but always I feared lest your affectionate regard for me should tempt you to some indiscretion which would betray my secret. For that reason I turned away from you this evening when you upset my books, for I was in danger at the time, and any show of surprise and emotion upon your part might have drawn attention to my identity and led to the most deplorable and irreparable results. As to Mycroft, I had to confide in him in order to obtain the money which I needed. The course of events in London did not run so well as I had hoped, for the trial of the Moriarty gang left two of its most dangerous members, my own most vindictive enemies, at liberty. I



our old rooms—the starting-point of so many of your little fairy-tales. We will see if my three years of absence have entirely taken away my power to surprise you."

I crept forward and looked across at the familiar window. As my eyes fell upon it I gave a gasp and a cry of amazement. The blind was down, and a strong light was burning in the room. The shadow of a man, who was seated in a chair within, was thrown in hard, black outline upon the luminous screen of the window. There was no mistaking the poise of the head, the squareness of the shoulders, the sharpness of the features. The face was turned half-round, and the effect was that of one of those black silhouettes which our grandparents loved to frame. It was a perfect reproduction of Holmes. So amazed was I that I threw out my hand to make sure that the man himself was standing beside me. He was quivering with silent laughter.

"Well?" said he.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "It is marvellous."

"I trust that 'age doth not wither nor custom stale my infinite variety,'" said he, and I recognized in his voice the joy and pride which the artist takes in his own creation. "It really is rather like me, is it not?"

"I should be prepared to swear that it was you."

"The credit of the execution is due to Monsieur Oscar Meunier, of Grenoble, who spent some days in doing the molding. It is a bust in wax. The rest I arranged myself during my visit to Baker Street this afternoon."

"But why?"

"Because, my dear Watson, I had the strongest possible reason for wishing certain people to think that I was there when I was really elsewhere."

"And you thought the rooms were watched?"

"I knew that they were watched."

"By whom?"

"By my old enemies, Watson. By the charming society whose leader lies in the Reichenbach Fall. You must remember that they knew, and only they knew, that I was still alive. Sooner or later they believed that I should come back to my rooms. They watched them continuously, and this morning they saw me arrive."

"How do you know?"

"Because I recognized their sentinel when I glanced out of my window. He is a harmless enough fellow, Parker by name, a garroter by trade, and a remarkable performer upon the jew's-harp. I cared nothing for him. But I cared very much for the much more formidable person who was behind him, the bosom friend of Moriarty, the man who dropped the rocks over the cliff, the most cunning and dangerous criminal in London. That is the man who is after me to-night, Watson, and that is the man who is quite unaware that we are after him."

My friend's plans were gradually revealing themselves. From this convenient retreat the watchers were being watched and the trackers tracked. That angular shadow yonder was the bait, and we were the hunters. In silence we stood together in the darkness and watched the hurrying figures who passed and repassed in front of us. Holmes was silent and motionless; but I could tell that he was keenly alert, and that his eyes were fixed intently upon the stream of passers by. It was a bleak and boisterous night, and the wind whistled shrilly down the long street. Many people were moving to and fro, most of them muffled in their coats and cravats. Once or twice it seemed to me that I had seen the same figure before, and I especially noticed two men who appeared to be sheltering themselves from the wind in the doorway of a house some distance up the street. I tried to draw my companion's attention to them, but he gave a little ejaculation of impatience and continued to stare into the street. More than once he fidgeted with his feet and tapped rapidly with his fingers upon the wall. It was evident to me that he was becoming uneasy, and that his plans were not working out altogether as he had hoped. At last, as midnight approached and the street gradually cleared, he paced up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation. I was about to make some remark to him when I raised my eyes to the lighted window, and again experienced almost as great a surprise as before. I clutched Holmes's arm and pointed upward.

"The shadow has moved!" I cried.

It was, indeed, no longer the profile, but the back, which was turned toward us.

Three years had certainly not smoothed the asperities of his temper or his impatience with a less active intelligence than his own.

"Of course it has moved," said he. "Am I such a farcical bungler, Watson, that I should erect an obvious dummy and expect that some of the sharpest men in Europe would be deceived by it? We have been in this room two hours, and Mrs. Hudson has made some change in that figure eight times, or once in every quarter of an hour. She works it from the front so that her shadow may never be seen. Ah!" He drew in his breath with a shrill, excited intake. In the dim light I saw his head thrown forward, his whole attitude rigid with attention. Outside, the street was absolutely deserted. Those two men might still be crouching in the doorway, but I could no longer see them. All was still and dark, save only that brilliant yellow screen in front of us with the black figure outlined upon its centre. Again in the utter silence I heard that thin, sibilant note which spoke of intense suppressed excitement. An instant later he pulled me back into the blackest corner of the room, and I felt his warning hand upon my lips. The fingers which clutched me were quivering. Never had I known my friend more moved, and yet the dark street still stretched lonely and motionless before us.

But suddenly I was aware of that which his keener senses had already distinguished. A low, stealthy sound came to my ears, not from the direction of Baker Street, but from the back of the very house

in which we lay concealed. A door opened and shut. An instant later steps crept down the passage—steps which were meant to be silent, but which reverberated harshly through the empty house. Holmes crouched back against the wall, and I did the same, my hand closing upon the handle of my revolver. Peering through the gloom, I saw the vague outline of a man, a shade blacker than the blackness of the open door. He stood for an instant, and then he crept forward crouching, menacing, into the room. He was within three yards of us, this sinister figure, and I had braced myself to meet his spring, before I realized that he had no idea of our presence. He passed close beside us, stole over to the window, and very softly and noiselessly raised it for half a foot. As he sunk to the level of this opening the light of the street, no longer dimmed by the dusty glass, fell full upon his face. The man seemed to be beside himself with excitement. His two eyes shone like stars, and his features were working convulsively. He was an elderly man, with a thin, projecting nose, a high, bald forehead, and a huge grizzled mustache. An opera hat was pushed to the back of his head, and an evening-dress shirtfront gleamed out through his open overcoat. His face was gaunt and swarthy, scored with deep, savage lines. In his hand he carried what appeared to be a stick, but as he laid it down upon the floor it gave a metallic clang.



"MY COLLECTION OF M'S IS A FINE ONE"

Then from the pocket of his overcoat he drew a bulky object, and he busied himself in some task which ended with a loud, sharp click, as if a spring or bolt had fallen into its place. Still kneeling upon the floor, he bent forward and threw all his weight and strength upon some lever, with the result that there came a long, whirling, grinding noise, ending once more in a powerful click. He straightened himself then, and I saw that what he held in his hand was a sort of gun, with a curiously misshapen butt. He opened it at the breach, put something in, and snapped the breach block. Then, crouching down, he rested the end of the barrel upon the ledge of the open window, and I saw his long mustache droop over the stock, and his eye gleam as it peered along the sights. I heard a little sigh of satisfaction as he cuddled the butt into his shoulder, and saw that amazing target, the black man on the yellow ground, standing clear at the end of his fore-sight. For an instant he was rigid and motionless. Then his finger tightened on the trigger. There was a strange, loud whiz and a long, silvery tinkle of broken glass. At that instant Holmes sprang like a tiger on to the marksman's back and hurled him flat upon his face. He was up again in a moment, and with convulsive strength he seized Holmes by the throat; but I struck him on the head with the butt of my revolver, and he dropped again upon the floor. I fell upon him, and as I held him my comrade blew a shrill call upon a whistle. There was the clatter of running feet upon the pavement, and two policemen in uniform, with one plain-clothes detective, rushed through the front entrance and into the room.

"That you, Lestrade?" said Holmes.

"Yes, Mr. Holmes. I took the job myself. It's good to see you back in London, sir."

"I think you want a little unofficial help. Three undetected murders in one year won't do, Lestrade. But you handled the Molesey Mystery with less than your usual—that's to say, you handled it fairly well."

We had all risen to our feet, our prisoner breathing hard, with a stalwart constable on each side of him. Already a few loiterers had begun to collect in the street. Holmes stepped up to the window, closed it, and dropped the blinds. Lestrade had produced two candles, and the policemen had uncovered their lanterns. I was able at last to have a good look at our prisoner.

It was a tremendously virile and yet sinister face which was turned toward us. With the brow of a philosopher above and the jaw of a sensualist below, the man must have started with great capacities for good or for evil. But one could not look upon his cruel blue eyes, with their drooping, cynical lids, or upon the fierce, aggressive nose and the threatening, deep-lined brow, without reading Nature's plainest danger-signals.

He took no heed of any of us, but his eyes were fixed upon Holmes's face with an expression in which hatred and amazement were equally blended. "You devil!" he kept on muttering: "you clever, clever devil!"

"Ah, Colonel!" said Holmes, arranging his rumpled collar; "journeys end in lovers' meetings," as the old play says. I don't think I have had the pleasure of seeing you since you favored me with those attentions as I lay on the ledge above the Reichenbach Fall."

The Colonel still stared at my friend like a man in a

trance. "You cunning, cunning devil!" was all that he could say.

"I have not introduced you yet," said Holmes. "This, gentlemen, is Colonel Sebastian Moran, once of Her Majesty's Indian Army, and the best heavy game shot that our Eastern Empire has ever produced. I believe I am correct, Colonel, in saying that your bag of tigers still remains unrivalled."

The fierce old man said nothing, but still glared at my companion; with his savage eyes and bristling mustache he was wonderfully like a tiger himself.

"I wonder that my very simple stratagem could deceive so old a shikari," said Holmes. "It must be very familiar to you. Have you not tethered a young kid under a tree, lain above it with your rifle, and waited for the bait to bring up your tiger? This empty house is my tree, and you are my tiger. You have possibly had other guns in reserve in case there should be several tigers, or in the unlikely supposition of your own aim failing you. These," he pointed around, "are my other guns. The parallel is exact."

Colonel Moran sprang forward with a snarl of rage, but the constables dragged him back. The fury upon his face was terrible to look at.

"I confess that you had one small surprise for me," said Holmes. "I did not anticipate that you would yourself make use of this empty house and this convenient front window. I had imagined you as operating from the street, where my friend Lestrade and his merry men were awaiting you. With that exception all has gone as I expected."

Colonel Moran turned to the official detective. "You may or may not have just cause for arresting me," said he, "but at least there can be no reason why I should submit to the gibes of this person. If I am in the hands of the law, let things be done in a legal way."

"Well, that's reasonable enough," said Lestrade. "Nothing further you have to say, Mr. Holmes, before we go?"

Holmes had picked up the powerful air-gun from the floor and was examining its mechanism.

"An admirable and unique weapon," said he, "noiseless and of tremendous power. I knew Von Herder, the blind German mechanic, who constructed it to the order of the late Professor Moriarty. For years I have been aware of its existence, though I have never before had an opportunity of handling it. I commend it very specially to your attention, Lestrade, and also the bullets which fit it."

"You can trust us to look after that, Mr. Holmes," said Lestrade, as the whole party moved toward the door. "Anything further to say?"

"Only to ask what charge you intend to prefer?"

"What charge, sir? Why, of course, the attempted murder of Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

"Not so, Lestrade. I do not propose to appear in the matter at all. To you, and to you only, belongs the credit of the remarkable arrest which you have effected. Yes, Lestrade, I congratulate you! With your usual happy mixture of cunning and audacity you have got him."

"Got him! Got whom, Mr. Holmes?"

"The man that the whole force has been seeking in vain—Colonel Sebastian Moran, who shot the Honorable Ronald Adair with an expanding bullet from an air-gun through the open window of the second-floor front of No. 427 Park Lane, upon the 30th of last month. That's the charge, Lestrade. And now, Watson, if you can endure the draught from a broken window, I think that half an hour in my study over a cigar may afford you some profitable amusement."

Our old chambers had been left unchanged through the supervision of Mycroft Holmes and the immediate care of Mrs. Hudson. As I entered I saw, it is true, an unwonted tidiness, but the old landmarks were all in their place. There were the chemical corner and the acid-stained, deal-topped table. There upon a shelf was the row of formidable scrapbooks and books of reference which many of our fellow-citizens would have been so glad to burn. The diagrams, the violin-case, and the pipe-rack—even the Persian slipper which contained the tobacco—all met my eyes as I glanced round me.

There were two occupants of the room—one Mrs. Hudson, who beamed upon us both as we entered, the other the strange dummy which had played so important a part in the evening's adventures. It was a wax-colored model of my friend, so admirably done that it was a perfect fac-simile. It stood on a small pedestal table with an old dressing-gown of Holmes's so draped round it that the illusion from the street was absolutely perfect.

"I hope you preserved all precautions, Mrs. Hudson?" said Holmes.

"I went to it on my knees, sir, just as you told me."

"Excellent. You carried the thing out very well. Did you observe where the bullet went?"

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid it has spoiled your beautiful bust, for it passed right through the head and flattened itself on the wall. I picked it up from the carpet. Here it is!"

Holmes held it out to me. "A soft revolver bullet, as you perceive, Watson. There's genius in that; for who would expect to find such a thing fired from an air-gun? All right, Mrs. Hudson, I am much obliged for your assistance. And now, Watson, let me see you in your old seat once more, for there are several points which I should like to discuss with you."

He had thrown off the seedy frockcoat, and now he was the Holmes of old in the mouse-colored dressing-gown which he took from his effigy.

"The old shikari's nerves have not lost their steadiness nor his eyes their keenness," said he, with a laugh, as he inspected the shattered forehead of his bust. "Plumb in the middle of the back of the head and smack through the brain. He was the best shot in





THE WEAKER SEX.—VII.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

*At the theatre our hero finds it impossible to become interested in the play*

India, and I expect that there are few better in London. Have you heard the name?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, well, such is fame! But then, if I remember aright, you had not heard the name of Professor James Moriarty, who had one of the great brains of the century. Just give me down my index of biographies from the shelf."

He turned over the pages lazily, leaning back in his chair and blowing great clouds from his cigar.

"My collection of M's is a fine one," said he. "Moriarty himself is enough to make any letter illustrious, and here is Morgan the poisoner, and Merridew of abominable memory, and Mathews, who knocked out my left canine in the waiting-room at Charing Cross, and, finally, here is our friend of to-night."

He handed over the book, and I read: "*Moran, Sebastian, Colonel. Unemployed. Formerly First Bangalore Pioneers. Born London, 1840. Son of Sir Augustus Moran, C.B., once British Minister to Persia. Educated Eton and Oxford. Served in Jowaki Campaign, Afghan Campaign, Charasiab (despatches), Sherpur, and Cabul. Author of 'Heavy Game of the Western Himalayas,' 1881; 'Three Months in the Jungle,' 1884. Address: Conduit Street. Clubs: The Anglo-Indian, the Tankerville, the Bagatelle Card Club.*"

On the margin was written, in Holmes's precise hand: "The second most dangerous man in London."

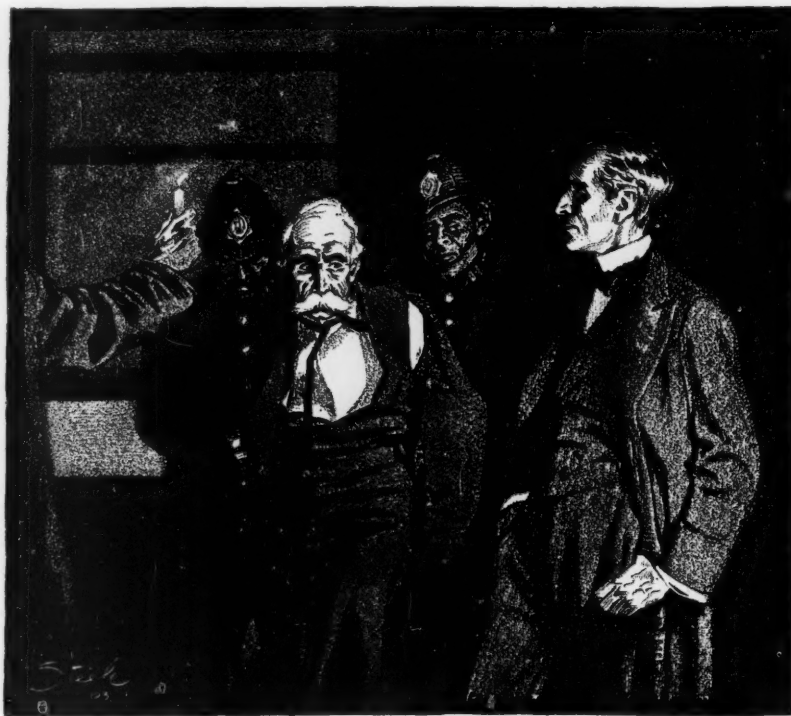
"This is astonishing," said I, as I handed back the volume. "The man's career is that of an honorable soldier."

"It is true," Holmes answered. "Up to a certain point he did well. He was always a man of iron nerve, and the story is still told in India how he crawled down a drain after a wounded man-eating tiger. There are some trees, Watson, which grow to a certain height and then suddenly develop some unsightly eccentricity. You will see it often in humans. I have a theory that the individual represents in his development the whole procession of his ancestors, and that such a sudden turn to good or evil stands for some strong influence which came into the line of his pedigree. The person becomes, as it were, the epitome of the history of his own family."

"It is surely rather fanciful."

"Well, I don't insist upon it. Whatever the cause, Colonel Moran began to go wrong. Without any open scandal, he still made India too hot to hold him. He retired, came to London, and again acquired an evil name. It was at this time that he was sought out by Professor Moriarty, to whom for a time he was chief of the staff. Moriarty supplied him liberally with money and used him only in one or two very high-class jobs which no ordinary criminal could have undertaken. You may have some recollection of the death of Mrs.

Stewart of Lauder, in 1887. No? Well, I am sure Moran was at the bottom of it; but nothing could be proved. So cleverly was the Colonel concealed that even when the Moriarty gang was broken up we could not incriminate him. You remember at that date, when I called upon you in your rooms, how I put up the shutters for fear of air-guns? No doubt you thought me fanciful. I knew exactly what I was doing, for I knew of the existence of this remarkable gun, and I knew also that one of the best shots in the world would be behind it. When we were in Switzerland he followed us with Moriarty, and it was undoubtedly he who gave me that evil five minutes on the Reichenbach ledge.



COLONEL MORAN SPRANG FORWARD WITH A SNARL OF RAGE

"You may think that I read the papers with some attention during my sojourn in France, on the lookout for any chance of laying him by the heels. So long as he was free in London my life would really not have been worth living. Night and day the shadow would have been over me, and sooner or later his chance must have come. What could I do? I could not shoot him at sight, or I should myself be in the dock. There was no use appealing to a magistrate. They can not interfere on the strength of what appears to them to be a wild suspicion. So I could do nothing. But I watched the criminal news, knowing that sooner or later I should get him. Then came the death of this Ronald Adair. My chance had come at last! Know-

ing what I did, was it not certain that Colonel Moran had done it? He had played cards with the lad; he had followed him home from the club; he had shot him through the open window. There was not a doubt of it. The bullets alone are enough to put his head in a noose. I came over at once. I was seen by the sentinel, who would, I knew, direct the Colonel's attention to my presence. He could not fail to connect my sudden return with his crime and to be terribly alarmed. I was sure that he would make an attempt to get me out of the way at once, and would bring round his murderous weapon for that purpose. I left him an excellent mark in the window, and, having warned the police that they might be needed—by the way, Watson, you

spotted their presence in that doorway with unerring accuracy—I took up what seemed to me to be a judicious post for observation, never dreaming that he would choose the same spot for his attack. Now, my dear Watson, does anything remain for me to explain?"

"Yes," said I. "You have not made it clear what was Colonel Moran's motive in murdering the Honorable Ronald Adair."

"Ah! my dear Watson, there we come into those realms of conjecture where the most logical mind may be at fault. Each may form his own hypothesis upon the present evidence, and yours is as likely to be correct as mine."

"You have formed one, then?"

"I think that it is not difficult to explain the facts. It came out in evidence that Colonel Moran and young Adair had between them won a considerable amount of money. Now, Moran undoubtedly played foul—of that I have long been aware. I believe that on the day of the murder Adair had discovered that Moran was cheating. Very likely he had spoken to him privately, and had threatened to expose him unless he voluntarily resigned his membership of the club and promised not to play cards again. It is unlikely that a youngster like Adair would at once make a hideous scandal by exposing a well-known man so much older than himself. Probably he acted as I suggest. The exclusion from his clubs would mean ruin to Moran, who lived by his ill-gotten card gains. He therefore mur-

dered Adair, who at the time was endeavoring to work out how much money he should himself return, since he could not profit by his partner's foul play. He locked the door lest the ladies should surprise him and insist upon knowing what he was doing with these names and coins. Will it pass?"

"I have no doubt that you have hit upon the truth."

"It will be verified or disproved at the trial. Meanwhile, come what may, Colonel Moran will trouble us no more, the famous air-gun of Von Herder will embellish the Scotland Yard Museum, and once again Mr. Sherlock Holmes is free to devote his life to examining those interesting little problems which the complex life of London so plentifully presents."

The second story of this new series, "*The Adventure of the Norwood Builder*," will be published in the November Household Number, October 31.

## CHINA AND HER OPPORTUNITIES TO-DAY

By SIR SHENTUNG LIANG-CHENG, Chinese Minister to the United States

IT CAN BE DECLARED without fear of controversy that the world is paying more attention to the Chinese Empire to-day than to any other country on the globe. The China of yesterday is arousing herself to the fact that beyond her own walled cities, across the wide waters of the sea, her Western neighbors have some things which it were well that she should possess. It comes as an awakening to the great majority of her many millions of people, that outside of her own fair domain there can be anything to be desired without which the Empire has existed for four thousand years, and the onlooking world must have patience if her awakening is somewhat slow.

It is a Western truism that "What we have never had we do not miss," and this philosophic saying applied to China fully explains the position she has held in the past. It should be remembered that this great Asiatic Empire was absolutely self-sustaining within her boundaries more long years than any other nation, as a nation, had existed. For millenniums she had lived alone, a self-sufficient power unto herself. Her climate varies from the icy summits of her northern mountains to the tropical shores of the South China Sea. Within these climatic ranges the agricultural products of her countless acres fed her teeming millions; their simple needs for clothing and shelter were supplied from her prolific hills and valleys, and, having each day's needs thus met, she had learned therewith to be content.

And in all those long centuries with what was China content?

Because she was so unknown, and because she had not the Western civilization, the Western world was inclined to think that she had been a country without a history, and one devoid of any civilization. Yet her authentic annals extend further back than those of any

other nation. Her people were singing their immortal odes and ballads, and studying the courses of stars, before the dawn of European history; while the hills of Gaul were still overrun with hordes of barbarians and the American continent was as yet undreamed of, she was an established nation, moving forward in the pursuits of peace and happiness. Five hundred years before the Christian era, China had inaugurated a system of learning which to this day is the basis for official honor and public service. That she discovered gunpowder, the mariner's compass, and the art of printing, centuries before the rest of the world learned their need, is well known. Her Great Wall, as well as those that inclose so many of her cities; her Grand Canal, reaching from Hangchow to Peking, and the network of smaller ones that extend throughout the Empire; her exquisitely wrought stone bridges which span her numberless streams and canals, prove that China had a knowledge of the science of engineering beyond that which was ever possessed by other nations during the Dark Ages.

When these things are taken into consideration, it is not surprising that, in the thousands of years of her independence and isolation, China should have come to believe that her own methods and her own customs could not be surpassed. It is this which has produced her intense conservatism. But in China, as elsewhere, "Seeing is believing," and the past few years has brought the ocular proof which has gone far toward weakening the mighty pillars that have upheld this conservatism. Nearly four hundred years ago, in a very small way, China began her foreign trade. In the sixteenth century, Portuguese merchants established themselves at Macao, a port on the south coast of China, and commenced trading with Canton—an example which the

Dutch and English were not slow in following, as well as the Spaniards from Manila. But the trade was not large and was confined to the city of Canton alone. The first treaty ports were opened after the war with England in 1843, and the first treaty with the United States was signed in 1844—a treaty which, it is pleasant to note in passing, has remained intact and unbroken in all these years. Five treaty ports—Canton, Shanghai, Foochow, Ningpo, and Amoy—were opened at this time, and for twenty years were the only gateways for foreign trade with the interior of the country. In 1858, plenipotentiaries from other Governments were allowed to reside at the capital of the Empire.

Without doubt the war with Japan, in 1895, did more to bring China to a realization of her own weakness than anything that had occurred in her history, and the Boxer trouble of 1900 has resulted in creating vast trade possibilities, and prepared the way for the industrial and commercial development of the country as an ordinary "Cycle of Cathay" could by no means have done. These possibilities are almost limitless. China, through all the ages of her history, has lived contentedly within her own domain, but now the conditions are undergoing a marvellous change. Her people are eating of the fruit of the tree of Western Knowledge, and it is creating within them the insatiable appetite that will lead them to cry for more.

The commercial opportunities are limitless, because the Empire of China has a population of four hundred millions to be fed and clothed, and because these millions occupy an area of territory, larger than the entire United States with its new possessions, the vast natural resources of which have scarcely been touched. Her fertile lands have been producing food for her almost numberless population for ages, and yet the rich



farms in a large part of the Empire still produce three crops annually. Safe within the keeping of her mountain fastnesses are virgin beds of minerals, iron, and coal, of inexhaustible quantities. It was estimated recently by a Belgian engineer that the coal-fields of Shansi and Hunan provinces alone could supply the needs of all Europe for the next fifty years. Copper, lead, tin, and quicksilver have been mined in Yunnan and Kweichow by primitive native methods for centuries, and apparently the rich deposits have been but scratched. The hills of slag cover many square miles over the immense copper mines in Hunan province, where remnants of the ancient smelting works are still to be seen, but an examination made last year for deep-mining purposes revealed the copper supplies practically intact. In the provinces of Szechuan and Kansu, which cover more territory than the States of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and California combined, are salt, gas, and oil wells, which have had a local fame for many generations. Such a wonderful flow of petroleum resulted from a precursory survey made there recently with modern drilling implements that it is safe to predict the day not far distant when the bean oil, the vegetable oil, and the peanut oil, which have supplied all artificial light for the poor class of natives from time immemorial, will be supplanted by kerosene.

This item of oil is a fair index of the spirit that is now spreading among the Chinese people. A few years ago no Chinese would have protested against the use of bean oil for a lighting medium. But Russian and American enterprise brought kerosene to his very door. He saw the better illumination which it produced, and found that it could be had for what he had heretofore paid for bean oil. He unhesitatingly cast aside the poorer and adopted the better article.

It must be admitted that China's conservatism arises from her lack of knowledge of what has been taking place in other parts of the world, but it has now become evident to her enlightened sons that they must equip themselves with the machinery of modern production and defence, if they are to become rich and strong. It is the realization of this which has led the Government to grant the mining and railway concessions that have been asked for by the European powers and the capitalists of all countries, within the past five years. The Chinese Government knows the vast, almost limitless, possibilities of the country's resources, and it also knows that their practical value depends upon the facilities for exploiting them. Until a very few years ago, railroads were unknown in the entire four million square miles of the Empire, but China is blessed with thousands of miles of coastline, and an almost unsurpassed system of rivers which have made her waterways the most important agency in her commerce. As long ago as the thirteenth century, the Mongol Emperor, Kublai Khan, built the Grand Canal, with a network of smaller ones connecting many of the cities of the country. These have always commanded the traffic of the Yangtze River, which penetrates for two thousand miles the most densely populated and wealthiest section of the Empire, as well as that of the Huang-ho, the great serpentine stream, whose mighty yellow waters overflow their banks so often that it has been given the name of "China's Sorrow."

Upon all these watercourses, steam, until a comparatively short time ago, was an unknown quantity, and the numberless resources of the interior have remained untouched through all the centuries for want of means of exportation. For the utilization of these resources, China must be covered with a network of railroads. To realize this necessity, it should be borne in mind that, with practically no railways, China's export and import trade has doubled since 1891; and with less than five hundred miles of railroad in 1899, her trade approximated three hundred and thirty-three millions of dollars. Is not that suggestive of what it will be when she has a trackage equalling that which to-day girds the United States? There is no doubt of the truth of the statement that railway construction will do more toward making China a world power than any other single agency. With her vast mines at work,

and with railroads to bring to the markets the output of these mines, China's potentialities will become such mighty realities as will awaken the respect and envy of every nation of the earth.

To accomplish this the Chinese Government is now bending every energy, and if but half the projects which are on foot are put into execution, the next few years will witness such a transformation in the Empire as could not have been dreamed of a cycle ago.

The Imperial Railway, which eventually is to connect all North and West China, is the oldest railroad

January, 1906. Trains are already running on the southern end of this line. The American enterprise, the Hankow-Canton line, reaching from the two points named, and having numerous branches which will pass through some of the most densely populated provinces of the country—those of Hupeh, Hunan, Kwangsi, and Kwangtung—is under way. This road was surveyed under the direction of New York's skilled engineer, Mr. William Barclay Parsons. It will tap the rich mineral deposits of the outlying regions and open enormous new fields for the employment of capital, giving, without doubt, a great impetus to the trade with the United States.

The Anglo-German road, called the Tientsin-Chinkiang, will follow the route of the Grand Canal. It will become a feeder to the many waterways of those districts. A branch road connects this with Shanghai, the city which is so often called the New York of China. A half-dozen other roads are projected, but in this hasty review they have not been touched upon, nor have the branches which the Russians are building in North China to bring Vladivostok and Port Arthur into rail connection with the Trans-Siberian road. Within the limited space of this article, neither can it be attempted to describe the British enterprise, which contemplates a road from Mandalay, Burma, entering Chinese territory in the province of Yunnan, and connecting with a line which is to start from Canton.

While China has made every provision for the welfare of the foreign capitalists who will invest their money in these and other enterprises, she has not been so foolish as to neglect to guard the interests and rights of her own people. In all the concessions which have been granted, it is provided that eventually the property reverts to the Chinese Government. In every case a good part of the capital invested must be Chinese, and a proportion of the profits must be paid to the Government. It is further provided that a certain number of the employees shall be natives and subjects of the Empire. In order to provide men capable of carrying on the enterprises in the future, when the foreigners have withdrawn, there is a proviso attached to each concession whereby the syndicates agree to establish schools of instruction in mining, engineering, or the construction and management of railways, for a given number of Chinese young men.

Yes, the China of yesterday is passing, the China of to-day is slowly but surely realizing the worth of her birthright. A dozen years ago her great cities were each absorbed within themselves; to-day they are reaching out eager hands for the commerce of the world. Canton, the first city to open its doors, is the gateway to the southern part of the Empire, as Tientsin is to the northern and Shanghai to the eastern. Hankow, the objective point of the Belgian as well as the American railway, is located on the Yangtze River, midway between Peking and Canton, and can properly be called "The Hub" of the country. Through it flow the imports and exports of the vast districts of the Middle-West, together with the trade carried on with Tibet and Western Mongolia by caravans. Chungking, the most westerly of the treaty ports, stands about eight hundred miles west of Hankow, and is the commercial centre for the vast districts of that section. These and the other treaty ports are all flourishing municipalities, which are gladly embracing any and all commercial opportunities.

In a number of cities of the Empire, Western mills and factories are being established. The American merchants are beginning to seize these opportunities. American insurance companies are finding a generous support, and there is a loud call for American banks. American flour, American cotton goods, and American kerosene are commanding an increasing market. American canned goods, lamps, and candles are growing in popularity, while American farming implements and sewing machines have made the entering wedge into a trade which may in time assume gigantic proportions. The friendly attitude of America throughout and following the Boxer trouble is appreciated by China, and there can never be a better opportunity than the present to build up strong commercial relations between the two countries.



## THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

### BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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I'M The Old Man of the Sea—I am!

And this is my secret pride,  
That I have a hundred shapes, all sham,  
And a hundred names beside:

They have named me "Habit," and "Way," forsooth,  
"Capricious," and "Fancy-free";—  
But to you, O Youth, I confess the truth,—  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

I'm The Old Man of the Sea, yo-ho!  
So lift up a song with me,  
As I sit on the throne of your shoulders, alone,  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

Crowned with the crown of your noblest thought,  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea:  
I reign, rule, ruin, and palter not  
In my pitiless tyranny:  
You, my lad, are my gay Sindbad,  
Frisking about, with me  
High on the perch I have always had—  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

I'm The Old Man of the Sea, yo-ho!  
So lift up a song with me,  
As I sit on the throne of your shoulders, alone,  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

Tricked in the guise of your best intent,  
I am your failures—all,—  
I am the victories you invent,  
And your high resolves that fall:  
I am the vow you are breaking now  
As the wassail-bowl swings free  
And the red guilt flushes your cheek and brow—  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

I'm The Old Man of the Sea, yo-ho!  
So lift up a song with me,  
As I sit on the throne of your shoulders, alone,  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

I am your false dreams of success  
And your mythical future fame—  
Your lifelong lies, and your soul's distress,  
And your slowly-dying shame:  
I'm the chattering half of your latest laugh,  
And your tongue's last pertidy—  
Your doom, your tomb, and your epitaph . . .  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

I'm The Old Man of the Sea, yo-ho!  
So lift up a song with me,  
As I sit on the throne of your shoulders, alone,  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

in the country, and was begun as a tramway for the coal mines at Kaiping in 1881. It now extends to Peking, Paoting-fu, and Chingting in one direction, and to Shanhaikwan, Chinchow, and Newchwang in the other, comprising in its entire length five hundred and fifty miles. The success of this line has been demonstrated, for from the day of its opening it has been overburdened with freight and passenger traffic. The construction of the Imperial Northern (known as the Belgian) Railway, and extending from Peking to Hankow, is being rapidly pushed forward. It is expected to have its seven hundred miles completed by





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## HIS FIRST

DRAWN BY FREDERIC R





# FIRST LESSON

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON





## Seen from the Study Window : By Norman Hapgood

OPENING DRAMAS OF THE SEASON, AND WHAT IS BEST IN THEM—LITERARY QUALITIES IN SEVERAL ARTS

### I.—Reviving Shakespeare

OF ALL THE dramatists in English literature, the only one that holds the stage with any considerable number of plays is Shakespeare. Next to him come Sheridan with two and Goldsmith with one, which completes the list—a shorter one than is possessed by Germany, where Goethe's, Schiller's, and Lessing's dramas are constantly acted, as well as other single plays which are part of German literature. Ours is also a shorter list than is possessed by France, with Molière, Racine, Corneille, Beaumarchais, Hugo, Augier, and Dumas regularly performed. Yet no country since Greece has a dramatic literature to compare with the Elizabethan. Why does Shakespeare alone survive, and Ben Jonson, Webster, Marlowe, Green, Peele, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont, and Fletcher never see the theatre? It is partly because



J. M. BARRIE

the drama then was rhetorical, and Shakespeare almost alone wrote plays which are good acting dramas even when the rhetorical side is slurred, and partly because with some dozen of his unapproachable dramas always ready, there is small temptation to experiment with his inferiors. He has overshadowed his contemporaries. Had we a clientèle of educated theatregoers, as have Paris and Germany, we should insist on knowing our great dramatists on the stage, as an obvious part of a liberal education.

For Shakespeare at least we may be grateful. "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," "Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard III.," "As You Like It," "Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Taming of the Shrew" offer, with their great parts and sure popularity, irresistible temptation to the actor, and we have experiments in other plays, as "Richard II.," "King John," "Winter's Tale," "Midsummer-Night's Dream," "Coriolanus," "Henry V.," "Comedy of Errors," "Measure for Measure," "Cymbeline," and "Lear." If we had a theatre worthy of our literature, either here or in England, the other Elizabethans together would furnish a list almost as long as Shakespeare gives alone.

This season Rosalind is to be played regularly by Miss Crossman and occasionally by Miss Loftus. Viola is to be the only part of Miss Allen. We may have a new Juliet in the charming creator of Everyman; a little further ahead can be foreseen a Lady Macbeth by Mrs. Fiske, and various Shakespearean roles by Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe; so Shakespeare's prominence is about the same here as usual, surpassing everything else in quality, and even Mr. Clyde Fitch in number.

### II.—J. M. Barrie

UNLESS we are treated to some great surprise, the new plays of quality will not be American. Mr. Barrie writes the highest comedy now being written in the English language, and we are to see a play which, from reports, should be his best. Mr. Barrie's best is very much better than his worst, as is likely to be the case with a man who undertakes to play along the danger-lines of sentiment, like Thackeray, and along the edge of extravagance, like Mr. Gilbert. Not the most even writer of to-day in England, Mr. Barrie is, at his best, the most exquisite. One would think that Mr. Kipling, with his blows from the shoulder, would be a natural dramatist, but he is not. One might suppose that Mr. Barrie, all sensibility and fine shading, would fail on the stage, with its need of holding the average man, but he is writing not only the best but the most successful English comedy to-day. If but one visit to the theatre were to be allowed me during the approaching season, "The Admirable Crichton" would probably be my choice.

William Gillette takes the principal part here,—the first time in years that he has appeared outside of the series of his own dramas, "Sherlock Holmes," "Too Much Johnson," "Secret Service," and so on back to "Held by the Enemy," and his adaptation of "The Private Secretary." He is an excellent actor, and this will make an interesting test—not, of course, as severe as "Hamlet" would have been, but perhaps Mr. Frohman, in announcing that part with-

out consulting Mr. Gillette, was using the good Shakespeare partly for his business value. In England the part of Crichton gave young Henry Irving another chance to strengthen his position as the foremost actor of his years in Great Britain and a possible successor to his father.

### III.—"The Man from Blankley's"

ANOTHER English comedy which belongs to a class above any now being written in America is "The Man from Blankley's," to be played around the United States by Charles Hawtrey for the next two years. The difference between this play and any of our comedy is the difference between finish and delicate pointing to human frailty, on the one hand, and rough fun, forced gaiety, and exaggerated caricature, on the other. The second act, which is taken up with a dinner, is a masterpiece. The first act is the waiting for dinner, and the third act occupies a few moments after dinner, and yet the frail plot never halts. What keeps it at the same time interesting to the ordinary spectator and fascinating to the man of taste is a combination of subtle theatrical skill which needs no crude devices with a distinguished satirical humor which seems to throw searching lights into the human mind and heart. It often reminds one of Dickens, in its tolerant satire and picturesque exteriors. The class which suffers from Mr. Anstey's wit in this play is the lower middle class in England, but the wit is universal enough to fit as well in this country as in the outskirts of London. "The world," said Horace Walpole, "is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those who feel." If the English produce finer comedy than we, is it because they have finer thoughts?

### IV.—Stephen Phillips

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, the first successful tragic and poetic dramatist of England in over two centuries, is to become known to America this winter. "Ulysses," which has the more prominent production, is not his best, but it contains language and scenes which no other living Englishman could write, and it shows Mr. Phillips's knowledge of the stage, and instinct for it, which enable him to tell the desultory story without once letting go the crowd's attention. It is now running in New York, in an elaborate spectacular production, but I first saw it, several times, in London, where the production was excessive and the acting bad, and still it held, and also gave a sense of elevation, of imagination, of lifting one beyond the theatre's ordinary level. A beautiful woman and most outrageous actress played the nymph, now played in America by a much less emphatic personality. Once at rehearsals she approached the author, sitting in the empty and darkened orchestra: "Mr. Phillips," she said, "you do not even conceal your contempt for my acting." The humor of the young dramatist is calm and caustic. "Ah, Mrs. Potter," he said seriously, "I'm sorry, I thought I did."

Mr. Tree was little better. He was explaining once, during the run of "Ulysses," to Mr. Phillips how tired he was, with business in the morning and social duties in the afternoon. "Never mind," said Mr. Phillips, "think what a rest you have in the evening." The same view was expressed when Mr. Phillips said that, in the spectacular scene in Hades, Mr. Tree was the

only real ghost. Nobody would make that joke about Mr. Tyrone Power, the American Ulysses, in any rôle; although his gifts show at their best in character parts.

"Herod" is to be acted by William Faversham. Mr. Mansfield was to have produced this play, but was unable, according to report, to contrive any device by which the part of Marianne could be reduced to insignificance. "Paolo and Francesca," which was a brilliant success in London, was held awhile in this country and abandoned. What a comment on the American stage, that this, the only actable poetic love story in good verse written in English for years, should not find an actor or a manager willing to produce it! Our managers do not seem equal in judgment to the King of England, who, lunching with Sidney Lee, talked mostly about the food and the service, but observed before he left: "I understand you have written a book about Shakespeare. It is a good idea. Keep it up. There's money in it."

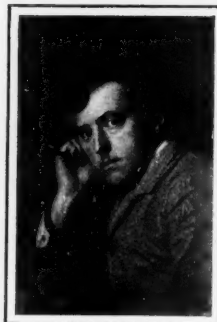
### V.—Democracy and Art

THE "Architectural Record," in its September number, attacks editorially a position taken in this department about American needs in art. The "Record," regretting our emphasis of the need of humanity in any art, which is to affect so large and commercial a democracy

as ours, contends for the wisdom of demanding high standards of skill, intelligence, and taste. "At the present time," it says, "an artist is practically forced to make a choice of whether he will conform to the false popular emotional tastes, or whether he will sacrifice some measure of popularity to the intellectual and technical integrity of his work." The first may make him for the time being more effective, the second only can take a step toward future great achievement. Criticism, then, should try to substitute "wholesome and virile emotional tastes and intellectual standards for the popular enervating sentimentality and mental insincerity." This department was "helping to establish a retrograde and disintegrating set of critical values" in too much compliance for the average man.

There is much truth in the "Record's" contention. "To appeal from the technical expert," it says, "to the average man, is not to appeal from art to life, but to substitute an inferior for a superior intellectual and emotional standard." It is, after all, mainly a question of which side of the truth to celebrate, and perhaps it does no harm to celebrate each, according to one's audience. If Mr. Barrie does more to elevate popular taste than he could do if his skill were applied to less popular material, perhaps it may do no harm to say so. Mr. Anstey's play need not be praised for those qualities alone which make it a work of technical distinction, and I can see no reason why, in smaller degree, similar standards should not be admitted in arts which are by necessity more aristocratic than the drama. Writing about literature, one may regret bloodlessness in one set of finished novels and crudity in others of popular appeal. The critic, if he is not stereotyped, tells that truth which is struck out of him by the particular situation, audience, or book. If he have culture and honesty himself, there is small danger that his influence will be toward the coarse or meretricious.

I compared some bad art to the "ungrammatical sorrows of a simple woman." The "Record" takes a view made popular by Ruskin, when it telescopes honesty and talent, and likens sentimental and shallow painting to "the rhetorical emotions of the plaintiff in a breach of promise suit." I am not sure that Mr. Bryan did not put as sincere feeling into his cross of gold metaphor as Daniel Webster put into that magnificent image in which he spoke of England's morning drum-beat, which, "following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." In brains, training, and talent Bryan is no more comparable to Webster "than I to Hercules," but the Ruskinian thesis that cheap rhetoric means dishonesty in the artist and gorgeous eloquence means sincerity, is itself a mere literary device, lacking alto-



STEPHEN PHILLIPS



SCENE FROM J. M. BARRIE'S "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"



gether actual truth. Some bad popular painters are calculating and cold, some are wrapt in the inspiration of their silly imaginations. Some great artists are men of emotion and simplicity, others are cold receptacles for strange gifts from heaven. It would be a shallow thinker who assumed, from the testimony of their work, that Wordsworth had a warmer heart than Laura Jean Libbey, or believed more honestly in his art. There is no language artistically more preposterous, or, in fact, more sincere, than the broken and saccharine expressions usually bestowed upon infants and lovers.

## VI.—Popular Taste

HOWEVER anxious we may be to believe in popular taste, it sometimes takes an effort of faith. During the summer just past I have been in a settlement where most of the places, belonging to artists, are beautiful. The one, however, which most pleases the natives looks like a badly colored gunboat. They like it because it is conspicuous and obviously expensive. Beauty worries them. Costliness they understand. "My," they say, "isn't it grand?" They also like to see stones or shells carefully arranged around trees, walks, and flower-beds. In Chicago, some years ago, in one park, mounds covered with vegetation were prepared to imitate animals, and the flowers were planted to spell words. The Italians used to make animals out of bushes sometimes, and in no country is questionable taste entirely confined to the *mobile vulgus*. A statue of Sherman, by the greatest American sculptor, has recently been placed in New York. Central Park writhes with distorted graven images of Scott, Burns, and other unfortunates, while such wretches as Cox and Stewart help to make other parts of the city hideous. A park commissioner, commenting to an architect on the number of bad statues in the metropolis, shaking his finger at the St. Gaudens Sherman, exclaimed, "And that is the crowning atrocity." And this man is a guardian of metropolitan taste!

## VII.—Literature and Journalism

FOR WHAT is worst in American taste the newspapers are frequently blamed. President Eliot seems to think that ethics and other ideals can be taught to budding journalists in Mr. Pulitzer's new school. Little may come of that enterprise, but much from the influx of college men into newspaper offices. There they get the ear of millions. One college man is the most harmful journalist in the country, but, on the whole, the existence of so many educated writers, addressing large audiences, must tend toward improvement. It is impossible for me not to be optimistic about American life in general, and incidentally about future excellence in art and letters. Many of the newspapers are surprisingly well written, they improve constantly, and they form, as well as represent, the public taste. Whatever one may think of the morals of the New York "Sun," for instance, it represents a culture as high as that of any daily in any country. There are not many papers in its class intellectually, but there are a number which are on a level with educated and cultivated private opinion. If the newspapers are improving, it follows almost inevitably that, in similar ways, the people are improving.

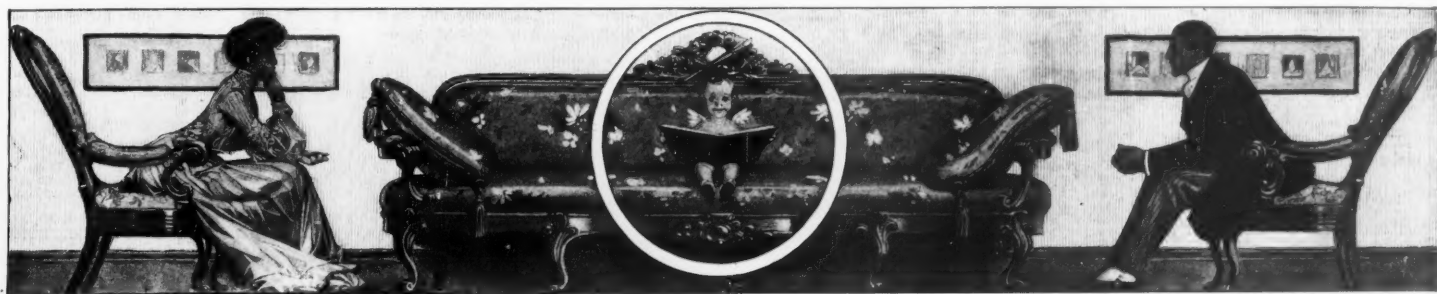
## VIII.—A Pioneer Woman

THERE was published recently, by the Appletons, a collection of letters by a notable figure in journalism and letters, of the great New England generation which centres about the name of Emerson. Margaret Fuller was the first prominent woman journalist in this country, and also a pioneer in the intellectual expansion of her sex. She ought to be a significant figure in any American history, as a forerunner. Reading the appreciation of her by Emerson, which is reprinted with the letters, one feels the distance between the genius and the woman of energy and ambition, but Emerson's infinite superiority leaves room enough in our hearts and our appreciation for "Margaret," as everybody, responding to her universal

nature, called her. Her letters breathe a spirit never tired, always ardent, inspiring in its zest for life. Roman ladies used to have lectures; but Margaret Fuller was laughed at for seeking too violently to establish interests which were recognized among the women of antiquity. What she sought half a century ago any woman can have for the asking to-day. This new collection of her letters, giving the story of a formerly unknown love affair, is a welcome addition, but the book about her, a charming volume of American memoirs, remains the collection by famous men, called "Margaret and her Friends."

## IX.—Ibsen

THE MAN who has affected the acted drama more than any playwright since Dumas seems now close to death. The drama will not for a long time, if at all, be what it was before his influence. In Germany, France, Spain, England he has caused a revolution. Known to a small public, he has acted directly on the playwrights. The methods of a great technician can not be adequately described, but the central scheme of Ibsen's construction was never to explain more about a situation, present or past, than was necessary barely to make comprehensible what was passing. What most playwrights would tell in the first act he often told in the third. What they told all at once he told in glimpses. What gives him hold on a trained audience is the relentless skill with which he unwinds his story, feeding the spectator at every moment just enough to keep him hungry, and creating always the sense of something vague impending. His psychology, his "problems," and his gloom have had an influence more ephemeral. Mrs. Fiske appears, soon after these lines are printed, as Hedda Gabler, a splendid acting part. The play is not a merry one. It will have to depend upon those who go to the theatre not for diversion but for insight. There are, said Dumas, but two kinds of plays; one kind is well made, and the other kind is not. "Hedda Gabler" as a triumph of skill has no superior in our generation.



# SOCIAL PROBLEMS IN THE HOME

WHAT is that condition which makes man eligible? From the world's standpoint: Money. From society's standpoint: Position. From the standpoint of sincere and conscious womanhood: Character. If girls would look more to a man's character and less to the fit of his coat, we should have fewer marriages, fewer divorces, and possibly—better men. So long as men are accepted for no better reason than that they propose, the majority of them will attain to no worthier justification for acceptance. If women would make of men better husbands, they must raise the qualifications for acceptance. No man is reformed after marriage. If you know one, he is an accident, and an exception to an iron-clad rule.

The training of a husband does not begin in wedlock. It begins when the gentleman wears kilts and goes to war with tin soldiers. It continues during the years when his legs are stretching and his mind is expanding and his moral nature is reaching out toward good or bad. Every human being with whom he comes in contact has a helping or a hurting hand in the making of that future husband. Every circumstance which confronts him determines him for a good or a bad husband, according as he shirks it or controls it. By the time he has reached a marrying age his tendencies are decided, his habits are more or less set, and his character—or the basis for it—is formed. According as he marries a good or a bad woman he will progress or retard; but whichever way he moves, it will be from out the mental and moral lines his past life has already laid down.

### Woman's Influence

A woman can influence her husband for better or worse; but she can not reform him; she can not remodel him; she can not substitute a white heart for a black one; she can not install a clean mind where a lewd one is; she can not, at her will, discard the weakling's character and instill the moral strength that comes of personal effort, and struggle, and victory. Mothers, not wives, are the makers of men. If women want good husbands they must choose them with care. They must get beneath the surface and discover their real selves. Women would not buy books to read because they were bound in gilt trimmings; why will they choose husbands to live with because they appear well? We do not live with a man's style, nor even with his manners. These may be affected and are subject to change. But the man's character is the man himself; it determines his every act and motive; and it makes the woman he loves the gladdest or the saddest of mortals.

And how shall a girl, of more or less uncertain no-

### IX.—What Sort of a Man Ought a Girl to Marry? The Constituent Parts of the Term "Eligible"

By Lavinia Hart

tions of men, make the wise choice? She must cultivate character in herself, that she may be familiar with its workings and recognize it when it comes, and she must seek a man who will be:

- First. A fit father for her children.
- Second. One who will love his wife better than himself.
- Third. One who knows that he is not perfect, and realizes that women are likewise human.
- Fourth. One who considers his moral obligation to himself and to society something more than "not being found out."
- Fifth. One who has learned the lessons of moderation, of self-control, of unselfishness, of honor, of judgment and justice.

Sixth. A man of clean habits of thought and action, who can understand the sensitive nature of woman and sympathize with her clearer spiritual insight.

Seventh. A man to whom integrity is one of the vital forces of life; to whom some sort of work is indispensable; whose life advances toward the fulfilment of a purpose; and whose highest aim is not the accumulation of wealth past the necessities and comforts of life; but the accomplishment of something well done, and the building up of a character that shall ensure his own and his wife's happiness and be a priceless heritage to their children.

No man will attain the perfection of these requirements, as no woman will attain the perfection of hers; but if he aims to fulfil them, if he even has given them thought and consideration, it is an indication of the right motive, and out of the right motive develops the power to fulfil.

Too few men marry with a fixed purpose for attaining happiness. They wish for happiness in the abstract, and vaguely believe that winning this particular young person and going through an orange-blossomed performance is going to elevate them to an atmosphere of perpetual bliss. That there must be means to happiness, they ignore. That their natures must be fitted to enjoy and to give enjoyment, they ignore. That there must be harmony in character and temperament as well as in physical attraction, they ignore. The average man thinks only that he is lonely and wants a mate; that he is neglected and needs a home; that he has been single long enough, and it is time to attain to the dignity of the married state; that he would like children to inherit his for-

tunes; or that some particular girl has fascinated him, and he is restless when he is not with her. So he proposes, declares he loves her, and swears eternal devotion. The majority of men do not realize how great an injustice such a proposal is, to both the girl and the man who makes it.

That girl must, indeed, be keen in discernment who can distinguish the avowal which is an honest confession of love and sympathy, from one which is prompted by less lofty motives—particularly where the man is misleading himself into the belief that he has found the "grand passion."

There are several kinds of men whom the girl who seeks happiness must not marry. One of these is the naturally, habitually lazy man. Such a one will not provide for his wife's material comfort, and he will not exert himself for those trifling attentions which signify deeper meanings and mean so much in a woman's reckoning of happiness.

Another disappointing type of man is he whose love lives only in pursuit and ceases with possession. This catastrophe seems almost defiant of precaution; for how can a girl suspect that the man who pleads for her love and pledges his own will weary with the waning of the honeymoon? There is a very simple means for avoiding this type. Such men are the victims of a certain form of selfishness—and all forms of selfish men make bad husbands.

### Man an Unconscious Deceiver?

When a man is wooing it is difficult to judge whether he be selfish or not. In part intentionally and in part unwittingly, he affects a character better than his own, which he could not continuously live up to. The girl who really seeks to know the man who woos her must watch his manner toward others; for therein will he disclose his real temperament. The most sincere of men are apt, unconsciously, to hide their meaner traits from their sweethearts during the days of courtship, when romance softens every grosser instinct; but the naturally sullen or selfish man will fall back to his old ways when confronted with the practical routine of daily living.

It is no easy task for the girl who is earnest and aims for the highest and best that life can offer, to judge her suitors. She must discriminate between those faults which are mere human shortcomings, to be borne in tenderness and forbearance, and those more serious faults which are deep-rooted and vicious, and stamp the man for the victim of self-love and selfishness.

There are men who keep the ten commandments and have none of the so-called vices that modern masculine flesh is heir to. They may not drink, nor



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smoke, nor swear, nor play; yet they are so mean that they are "hateful," and only their wives know how mean that may be. No matter how intense his love, how high his position, how large his income, how attractive his personality, the petty offences of a mean man will belittle his nobler acts, will reduce to the commonplace his higher sentiments, will spoil every chance for his own and his wife's attainment to true and happy living. Not always is it easy to recognize the mean man. At times his lavishness misleads, but careful consideration will reveal that his spendthrift moments are those in whose pleasures he at least shares. He spends no time, no thought, no effort, no money for the happiness of others, however dear, and to extract money from him, except it be for the procuring of his own comfort or amusement, is more difficult than to get on without it.

Men (and very young women) do not quite appreciate the close affiliation between love and money, between the ideal and the practical, between conjugal bliss and material comfort. They would seem to think that marrying for love means eating love and drinking love and dressing in it. They ignore the fact that when the stomach is empty the heart is faint, and when the back is bare the blood grows chill. Young men and women accustomed to the comforts, even the luxuries of life, marry on a pittance that would not buy their toilet accessories, expecting that love will supply the deficit and provide a substitute for food and clothes. And people wonder at the percentage of unhappy marriages! It is not because of too much pre-nuptial romancing that marriage fails, but because there is too little romancing of the solid, substantial sort, and too little regard for the food on which that romance shall be nourished, and the laws by which it may quicken and thrive. Love is a wondrous institution, but it is not magic. It is not an Aladdin's Lamp nor an Enchanted Cap, and it can not produce the material wherewithal for the wishing of it. Love is not omnipotent, and it has no supernatural power over material ways and means. It is just the sweetest, gladdest, humanest blessing that falls to the lot of man, and it can not be used as a substitute for any other human requirement. Love satisfies no other human needs than those it inspires. Three meals a day are as necessary to the lover as to him who can not feel or understand. Indeed, the lover's needs are greater, for love must suffer if the spirit be chafed by life's meaner wants. It is true that love will lighten burdens and lessen pain and make misery and want to seem less

dire; but while these tests may prove how great an influence love exerts upon character, the strain does not add to, but takes from, love's vital force. If that familiar type of man, who is working or dissipating himself to death because he has "outlived" his romance and does not believe in marriage, whose wife is the woman he once thought he loved—at present the keeper of his home bases, had fed it by wholesomer means, he might still be enjoying the blisses of Love's Young Dream. No flower can blossom if sap cease to run through its stem, and the sap which leads to the flower of ideal life is the perfect practical condition. The man who would have his conjugal love as joyous as romantic love, must stimulate its interest by every possible practical means. If he keep his wife's hands confined to the dishpan, he can not expect to revel long in their daintiness and dimples. If he press economy until her appearance is shoddy and her personal pride weakened, he lessens her respect for himself, and kills that which feeds his admiration and stimulates his love. If he dote out his dollars with the caution of a chess automaton, he aims a deathblow at his happiness and hers, for the sordidness and narrowness which these grinding money methods of the majority of men engender in their wives spread to the moral and ethical natures of women and alter the quality of their affection.

This disinclination to part with their money evinced by many husbands has been a prime factor in the creating of the New Woman, and in the lowering of the marriage rate. Celibacy is not the sweet morsel that captivates the bachelor girl. Self-support and independence are what appeal to her. She compares her lot with that of the ordinary married woman she knows, and her preference is for the life independent—albeit the life lonely—rather than the life of humiliation and petty economies.

Wise is that man who appreciates his wife's need of an income as he does his own; who does not demand, any more than he gives, an accounting of the pennies, and who has chosen so well his wife and helpmeet that he can trust her with as judicious holding of his income as of his honor.

All of which may seem to be a great many qualifications to make a man eligible, but they are not really numerous nor diverse. They are the characteristics that belong naturally to the right sort of man, who is the normal man of good heart, good mind, good physique, and a wholesome taste for work.

## TRUE STORIES OF TO-DAY

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

### The Collector of Fancy Whiskers

MR. J. ARCHIBALD McKACKNEY is of the tribe of Jersey commuters, a gentleman of some wealth and considerable leisure for enjoying the same. He has hotly pursued many collecting hobbies, from butterflies to porcelains, and combines a discriminating taste with an unflagging zeal in whatever field of endeavor his zeal may lead him. Three years ago, Mr. McKackney became interested in photography, but his particular quality of mind would not allow him to be contented with general, or broadside, diversion with his cameras. He was bound, sooner or later, to specialize and focus his interest, as he did his lenses. Seeking a new sphere in photography, which should include the feature dearest to his heart, collecting things odd, artistic, or difficult to acquire, he gripped an inspiration, and made it productive. It was no less than to photograph whiskers. As the collector studied the subject, it opened broad vistas of possibility—to possess the most complete series of sets, growths, or patterns of whiskers in the world, preserved in albums of photographic prints.

One may see displayed on the walls of barber shops the "latest styles" in the conventional varieties of whiskers, beards, mustaches, and goatees, but these would not appeal to the heart of the collector any more than the pictures in a cheap magazine catch the eye of the educated seeker after fine prints. Mr. McKackney decided to obtain photographs of the commonest sort of whiskers, simply to make his collection complete, but to expend his time and trained observation in hunting for original and unusual specimens.

The hobby proved so rich in material that the collector has travelled many thousands miles during the summers of the last two years in search of unique whiskers, and he has already gathered nearly one hundred photographs, making the collection absolutely unequalled. On a recent evening, Mr. McKackney, while showing his albums to a number of friends who had called at his suburban residence, explained the nature of his researches and told some incidents of his acquisitions:

"In the early days of my collection," said he, "there was little difficulty in finding subjects for the camera. In our own town, on

the Erie Ferry, and in the streets of New York, I picked up some interesting whisker types, and laid a foundation for the collection. In mistakes, for example, I found handsome specimens of the 'Emperor William,' the 'Long and Drooping,' or 'Southern Colonel,' the 'Peach Fuzz,' or 'First Growth,' the 'Shoebrush' or 'Ragged Selvage,' the waxed 'Needle-Point,' and other common growths. In beads, I added many pictures to the collection simply by carrying my camera to and from my business, keeping it handy in the office, and taking care to have my callers sit in a strong light, where I could look them over.

"The 'Burnsides,' the 'Weepers,' the 'Chauncey Depewes,' and the 'Mutton-Chops' were my earlier whiskers, under the head of side-face, or wing-and-wing adornment. Then there was the 'Vandyke,' or 'Young Physicians' Pride,' the square-cut beard, the divided beard, catalogued as the 'Wind Sifter,' the full beard, or 'Chest Protector,' and the long sweeping 'Sash Curtains,' or 'Twin Aolians.' In goatees, the range was limited, from the little tuft, known in my catalogue as the 'Conspirator's Pet,' to the full-powered imperial, called in the collector's nomenclature, the 'Fake Military,' or 'Joy-of-the-Governor's Staff.'

"Somewhat more interest was found in the easily obtained freak whiskers," continued Mr. McKackney, "and I confess an impulse of artistic pleasure when I obtained my first photo of the 'Throat-warmers,' or the bunch of hirsute ornament that nestles under the chin of the stage Irishman, but which is becoming almost extinct in real life, save in the counties away back. What might be called my first adventure was a sad disappointment. I received word from a friend acquainted with my hobby that in a town of Missouri there was the most gorgeous bloom of whiskers ever cultivated in the West, and that their owner wore them in braids four feet long, except on Sunday, when he combed them out into a very Niagara of beauty and luxuriance.

"I left for the Missouri town by the first train, and after a long stage journey and considerable hardship and discomfort, ran the prize to earth. You may imagine my grief when I found that this set of whiskers



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had perished miserably only three days before my arrival. The season was notable for a long and killing drought in Missouri, and all vegetation had become parched, withered, and inflammable. The owner of the whiskers had been warned against carelessness by his friends, and a fire insurance which he carried on these treasures had been cancelled by the local agent of the company, because he insisted on lighting his pipe with live coals from the forge of his blacksmith shop.

"On a Sunday morning, when the whiskers were exposed in all their hazardous glory, the victim picked a coal from the kitchen stove, the tongs slipped en route to his pipe, and fell in the whisker underbrush. It was all over in a moment. With a roar like the start of a forest fire, the flame swept through the finest set of whiskers in the Middle West, and destroyed them utterly in less time than it has taken me to tell the tragedy. The owner was badly burned, but it was all I could do to find sympathy in my heart for the criminally careless wretch."

There was a suspicious moisture on the eyeglasses of Mr. McKackney as he wiped them carefully, before taking heart to resume his reminiscences. "Perhaps my greatest triumph," he said, "was when I crossed the Atlantic last year to run to earth an eccentric Belgian gentleman who had made a practice of starching his whiskers with a preparation whose secret he had jealously guarded. He



He posed in his own garden

wore them fan-shaped, a flat, spreading beard, resembling in shape the wing of a Maltese cross. The effect was striking in the extreme, I assure you, as you may gather from this excellent photograph, one of the gems of my collection.

"The first time I saw the Belgian, he was walking down a street of Brussels, his magnificent, straight-edged beard displayed as flat as a board, spreading symmetrically over his waistcoat. The camera trembled in my excited grasp as I took my stand in the sunshine at the next corner, hoping to make a snapshot, without attracting the notice of the gentleman. This was a grave strategic blunder. He stopped, glared, broke into crackling French oaths, and, before I could retreat, strode across the pavement and demolished my three hundred dollar camera with one mighty kick. I was properly enraged, and demanded satisfaction. I did not strike him, but with a happy inspiration clutched his precious beard with both hands and crumpled it into a shapeless ball. He uttered a yell of agony and grief, and begged me to desist, offering a thousand apologies. The man was in abject terror, but it was the terror of an artist before the destruction of a masterpiece, and I could understand and sympathize. The upshot of it was that I had an opportunity to explain my purpose in aiming a camera at him. He became humbled and repentant; for he, too, had the soul of the connoisseur, and we became friends and fellow artists on the spot. He insisted on replacing my camera, posed for me in his own residence garden, and later invited me to his country estate. There he summoned for my edification more than two-score peasants employed on the place, and among them I found no less than five sets of whiskers worth adding to my collection."

The confidences of Mr. McKackney were interrupted by the entrance of a telegram, which he read with a sharp exclamation of surprised elation. He read it aloud to his little audience:

"PINELAND, N. J.

"Just heard of native this town wears whiskers pinned back of his ears."

"(Signed) J. R. MCKACKNEY."

"That's from my brother, who travels for a New York house, and keeps an eye out for specimens for me," said Mr. McKackney. "If you will be good enough to excuse me, I will overhaul my cameras, pack a bag, and be ready to take the first train in the morning for Pineland."

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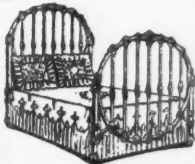
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were put on exhibition in towns where the company played. And, especially in country places, large crowds were attracted by their glitter, and were afterward drawn, dazed, into the theatre.

The life of one man was devoted to the service of these precious gems. He had no occupation except to guard them; he was paid, fed, lodged, transported about the country, and the plain little black hand-bag he carried was his sole affair in life. Wherever he went, he was escorted by two great dogs, a St. Bernard and a Russian boarhound, raised from infancy with their eyes on the black bag. The Custodian and the dogs travelled in the baggage-car, where outsiders can not take berth and rob unsuspecting slumbers at night. A stateroom was built in the baggage-car for the Custodian, and underneath the stateroom was a sort of box-stall for the dogs. There was a trapdoor in the floor which opened into the dogs' box.

One afternoon, just as the train left a station, the Custodian was startled by the most unearthly sounds from the other side of the trapdoor. Shrieks, growls, the noise of a struggle, brought him to his feet. Thoughts of the diamonds, of secret societies, robbers, assassins, flashed through his mind. He rejoiced that he was armed. He flung open the trapdoor. An imploring voice called out, "S'help me, I had a ticket, but I lost it!" The intruder was a tramp, who, curling up in



They could see the satchel

the box before the car was loaded, had supposed himself snug for a free ride! The Custodian was a man of peace. He lay down upon his stomach, put his face through the trap, and told the dogs that they were pretty boys and good fellows and must lie still; and that the tramp was a pretty boy, and a good fellow, and blood brother to the Custodian. The tramp backed up every word he said. But the dogs remained suspicious. They had to be soothed with a continuous stream of argument all the way to the next station, a distance of eight miles. The tramp may have recovered afterward, but I believe the nerves of the Custodian to have been unsettled for life.

However, despite trying incidents and extraordinary precautions, there were moments when the owner of the diamonds longed to have them in his possession, that he might feel them his, and play with them when he chose. On such occasions he would borrow the black satchel from the Custodian, and the Custodian would go to sleep at a hotel. In the earliest hours of a morning when he was thus off duty, the Custodian was awakened by a knocking at his door. He admitted Mr. Davis, who looked singularly unhappy. "—," said Mr. Davis, "have you got the diamonds?" "No!" cried the Custodian; "you took them yourself, this afternoon." "I know I did," groaned Davis, "but I've lost them. I took them into the restaurant where we went for supper after the performance, and I must have left them there."

By this time the Custodian had scrambled into his clothes. The two men went out of the hotel together and made for the restaurant, but when they reached it, it was locked for the night. It was, however, a restaurant which believed in advertising itself at all hours, and it was conspicuously illuminated by electricity. In this flood of white light, on the floor beside a table near the plate-glass window, Mr. Davis and the Custodian could see quite clearly the little black satchel with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in it. Hour after hour, all the rest of the night, they walked up and down before that window. When the restaurant was opened in the morning, and they could claim the bag, it was returned to them, untraced. But as they walked away, it was the Custodian, and not Mr. Davis, who carried it.

I do not know if the temperament of the Custodian is lacking in initiative, but at any rate his career as a guardian of treasure began to pall upon him. He drifted back into the position of an every-day actor, and he remains in that commonplace occupation to this day. This year he is making eccentric love, slaying heroes, and wrecking trains in a brisk melodrama, but he seems to think it comes much easier on his nerves.

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"I was four hundred miles from home," said he, "and my train was due to leave in ten minutes. My railroad ticket came to more than I had expected, and I lacked just twenty-five cents of having enough to pay for it. I turned to the man standing next in line at the window and said: 'Stranger, lend me a quarter, will you? I'm just that much short.'"

"The man, without a moment's hesitation, handed me the necessary sum. I asked for his address, intending to return the money by mail; but he declined to give it, so for twenty years I have remained in that man's debt."

At these words, a shabby man who had listened with great interest to the traveller's tale, stepped forward with extended hand.

"Stranger," said he, "I was the man that lent you that quarter twenty years ago in Chicago. If you'd offer to return it now I shouldn't refuse it."

Not long afterward, in another public place, the old gentleman was again recounting his favorite tale, intending to add as a climax an account of the miraculous finding of his former benefactor; but, just as he said the words, "for twenty years I remained in that man's debt," the unexpected happened.

A second long-lost benefactor, totally unlike the first in appearance, stepped forth from the crowd and exclaimed: "Stranger, shake! I was the man that lent you that quarter."

### An Effective Method

WHEN General Otis was still actively engaged in putting down the insurrection in the Philippines, he had many calls from different parts of the archipelago where the people were tired of the fighting, and wanted troops to restore order and release them from the exactions of the insurgent authorities. These appeals usually came from the Chinese traders, who cared nothing about the success of either side to the struggle, but wanted the interruptions to their business stopped. Naturally, they did not affect the course of the military operations, which went on in the way mapped out by the commander-in-chief. Several of these appeals came from the island of Mindanao before General Otis was ready to undertake its occupation. Troops had, however, occupied the Sulu Islands, and General Bates, the commander of that division, had visited some parts of Mindanao. One of the places where he called was the town of Cottabatto, where he made such an impression on Piang, the chief datto, that that potentate has ever since been the firm friend of the Americans, a friendship which he desired to emphasize at the start by disposing of our enemies summarily. From this course he was restrained by the advice of the Americans, but when all his advisers had gone away he found opportunity to act. The report of his action was conveyed to General Otis with simple directness in the shape of another appeal from



They were beheaded in good order

the Chinese merchants of the town for a guard. This appeal recited that upon the evacuation of the place by the Spaniards, and the failure of the Americans to occupy it, an election had been held at which Juan Ramos had been chosen Presidente Local, to govern in behalf of all the people of the town. Agents of the insurrection having subverted Juan Ramos, he governed in fact in the interest of the insurgents, levying oppressive taxes and converting the money so collected to the use of the insurrection rather than spending it for the purposes for which it was collected.

"Thereupon," said the report, "we had recourse to the datto Piang, who, having compassion on our miseries, and pity for our misfortunes, decreed that the said Juan Ramos and seven of his assistants should be beheaded, which was done, publicly and in good order, since which time peace and quiet reign in Cottabatto, and good order prevails, and may your Excellency, whom may God preserve many years, promptly send troops to see that peace and quiet and good order continue to be preserved."

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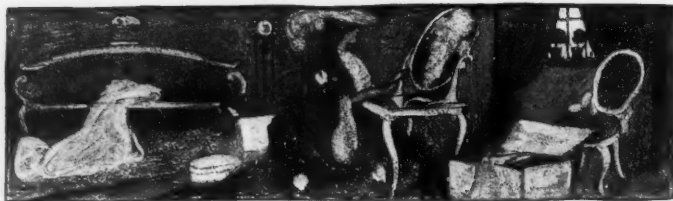
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## What Red-Headed Women Should Wear

By Mrs. Leslie Carter

**R**ED HAIR always makes or mars its possessor. It has probably made more plain women beautiful, and more otherwise beautiful women positively ugly, than has any other heritage which nature may bestow upon her sex. For of course it must be conceded that red hair is for the most part a feminine legacy.

Before considering the subject of what a red-headed girl ought to wear, I should like to urge upon her the necessity of special care and treatment being given to the hair itself. The red-headed girl should always bear in mind that her hair requires ten times the grooming that would be ordinarily paid it were it of any other color. Every hair should be cared for as solicitously as though it were real spun gold. The red-headed girl, would she make the most of herself, will brush her hair religiously fifteen minutes morning and evening every day of her life. That it should be frequently shampooed goes of course without saying, as does also the daily sun bath—in the open air, if the weather will permit; and, if not, then under a skylight or at a south window. The beauty of tone and shade of red hair depend almost entirely upon the daily attention which it receives, and there is probably nothing uglier than the average head of red hair which does not receive proper care. If the hair is not naturally curly or wavy, then it should be made so artificially. It should never be worn straight. No difference how beautiful its shade may be, no difference how long and luxurious and well tended, straight, limp red hair fails of the desired effect which can be obtained by the magic of curling-tongs. Not frizzes, not kinky corkscrew curls nor stiff rings, but great, undulating waves must be the fashion of the red-headed girl's coiffure. She may wear her hair in any prevailing mode, of course, dependent upon the contour of her face; but, whether high on the head or low on the nape of the neck, it must not be worn straight.

#### The Most Becoming Color

With her hair properly groomed and arranged into a becoming coiffure, the red-headed girl is now ready to take up the baffling problem of what color is best suited to her. In this she has an intricate question. No two of her friends agree on the subject. She harks back to that brown corduroy suit of last winter. Half her acquaintances said she should never wear anything but brown. The other half shook their heads wisely, and said, "You ought never to wear anything but black." Brother Tom insists that green is her color. Father likes her in modest gray. Jack thinks—well, Jack declares she looks like an angel in any color of the rainbow; and mother labors under the delusion peculiar to most mothers of red-headed girls and casts her ballot for blue. And thus the color controversy is waged over the red-headed girl, and among the conflicting opinions of her well-meaning family and friends she often finds it almost impossible to dress with any degree of satisfaction. And not to be perfectly satisfied with one's dress is the surest indication that one is not well dressed. In order to attain that supreme degree of soul-satisfaction that a well-dressed woman feels, and which an Archbishop of Canterbury declares the assurance of salvation can not equal, it is necessary for the red-headed girl to have no doubt in her mind as to her chosen colors. She must know and feel that her costume and her hair and her eyes make one harmonic ensemble of color.

The opinions of her family and friends are right and they are wrong.

To say that a red-haired woman can or can not wear this or that is to generalize from insufficient data. The red-haired woman can wear anything. It is not her hair that determines the color to be selected, for there is no other hair so universally capable of beautiful contrasts and parallelisms with textures.

The difficulty is not in the red-headed woman's hair, but in the combination of her hair with eyes and complexion. An excellent general rule for good dressing prescribes that we match our hair for the street, our eyes for the house, and our skins for evening. With the red-headed girl it becomes necessary to combine these three considerations at all times.

#### Four Types of Beauty

While there are almost innumerable styles of red-haired beauty, it can, for practical purposes, be divided into four great types, and each of these requires a widely different color treatment. Suppose we take first the fair-skinned, blue-eyed or gray-eyed girl, because she is most frequent. Her complexion is invariably the most beautiful of all, although its beauty rarely ever shows to the limit of its possibilities. Nine times out of ten it is ruined by badly selected colors—garish blues and vivid greens, and ill-

chosen browns and grays. This type of girl rarely ever understands the value of the soft, neutral tints, the mauves and the fawns and the silver grays, which bring out the blue or the gray in her eyes, the deep red of her lips and cheeks and the gold tints of her hair. This type of girl is usually of a very high color—indeed (by reason of her very thin skin and its peculiar pigmentation) her color is so accentuated when in perfect health as to require toning down. She must not wear anything that sets her flaming cheeks in violent contrast. This blue is certain to do; which does not mean, however, that she must never wear anything of this pet color. Used in moderation, as trimming on gown or hat, or in jewels, or flowers, blue of any shade whatsoever will prove most becoming to her; but an entire blue gown—never.

#### For Street Gowns

What shall she wear, then? For street, almost invariably black, which she may vary with an occasional gown of gray, very dark green or seal brown, but never anything approaching golden brown, unless the latter is kept far away from the face and head by the placing of white or black about the neck and shoulders. For evening, house or more ceremonious wear, cream white, deep écu, any of the violet tints that are not too blue, pearl and silver grays. All shades and degrees of yellow, and tan and buff, and brown, unless very dark, she will avoid as she will avoid all blues and reds except as incidentally introduced in the way of well-harmonized trimmings, flowers, or jewels. The reason of this is not hard to analyze, and can be readily demonstrated before the mirror. Yellows and tans and browns are not good because they accentuate the yellow tints latent in such a skin, beautiful though that skin is; they offer no foil for the eyes, making them look colorless and nondescript, and they utterly "kill" the hair by absorbing the warm yellow and gold tints and leaving only the harsh, cold, red primary color, which is in itself ugly, as any hair is ugly when viewed under an unfriendly light effect. Suppose, however, she selects a gown of any of the soft violet or heliotrope shades, what is the effect? A complete transformation of the ugly duckling into a fairy princess. The strong feature of violet for the red-headed girl is its magical effect upon her skin and eyes. Being a delicate blending or combination of the two dominant colors in her face, the blue of her eyes is strengthened and the red of her cheeks is softened. Then, too, all the blue and purple tints of her eyelids and forehead are brought into play. It is not popularly known, but it has long been recognized among artists, that this type of red-haired girl has a flesh that is a well-defined blue, and the "blue-fleshed" Titian complexion has long been the despair of painters. These blue tints are readily recognized about the temples, on the eyelids, and in the corners of the eyes near the nose. Excellent effects may also be secured from écu and cream white, but never sheer white, which is the prerogative of pure blondes or decided brunettes. The combination of black and white is also extremely good for this type of red-headed woman, and, if the shade be delicate enough, pale blue when combined with black is also good. Nile green, heliotrope, soft violet and the least touch of rose pink may also be used to good effect in relieving the sombreness of the dark gown.

#### For the Brown-Eyed Girl

Then comes the brown-eyed red-headed girl. Her range of colors is a little more generous. She has, too, a fair, clear skin, but she lacks the brilliancy of complexion and the delicacy of coloring of her blue-eyed sister. In this she is rather fortunate than otherwise, however, in that she has a wider latitude in dress. Brown in all its shades and variations, from the pale creamy tans to the rich golden colors, she looks well in. Then, too, she has a long gamut of reds to select from, if her hair is not of too pronounced a tone. Maroon, very deep crimson, claret, and terra-cotta she will affect, keeping away, however, from dark blue and grays of all shades. She may introduce, if done judiciously, a little orange or clear yellow, but she will find the rich terra-cotta and maroon her best dark colors, as she will find turquoise blue, sky blue, and deep cream and écu her best tints. Rose pink and brown, with the brown predominating, and combinations of black and rich golden brown, are other exceedingly artistic possibilities.

As to the third type, she is popularly known as "sandy." Her complexion is good, bad or indifferent, but exceedingly light; her eyes are anywhere from clear gray to that color which we vaguely label as hazel, and her hair is a rich dark golden, too brown to be called red and too red to be called brown. A girl so described will exercise



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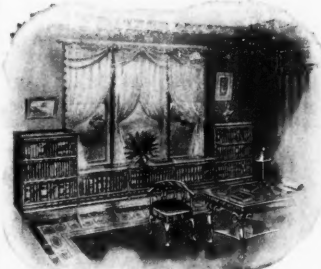
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even more care than any other in the selection of her colors. As her hair is not excessively red, nor her complexion unduly brilliant, she may wear all the shades of blue and look artistic therein. She can also wear brown and white, and black and white combinations, cream, light tans, and dark plum and claret shades, but she will taboo sheer white, all shades of gray, which are the prerogatives only of brilliant complexions, and all very delicate greens, except under gaslight.

#### For the Auburn Beauty

The fourth type is the rarest and most infrequent of all—the real auburn girl. Her hair is so dark as to be black in shadow, but in sunlight it burns with a deep warm, rich red, like old mahogany. Her complexion is a smooth and absolutely colorless olive, with all the pallor of old ivory, and her eyes are a warm, red-brown. Such women the great Titian loved to paint, and it is significant that he also painted them into deep red and crimson robes and bodices, with backgrounds of shadowy browns. If she will take a broad hint from that great master of color, the immortalizer of red-headed women, she will avoid combinations of color wherever such an avoidance is possible. Her costume will be a one-color creation, and thereby distinguished, because very few people can stand the crucial test of a one-tone dressing. She will select a gown of ivory white, which will accentuate the beautiful pallor of her face, and act as a foil to the mahogany tones of her hair and eyes. Or, let her robe herself in a gown of claret, maroon, or dark crimson, with a bit of white at the wrists and neck; or let the gown be deep brown. But whichever one of these colors, let the color be unmixed with anything else, unless a wisp of white.

#### And Now for the Hats!

So much for the gown itself. What about the red-headed girl's headgear? My answer would be, when in doubt always take black. A red-headed woman, whatever her eyes, complexion or tone of hair, never looks bad in an all-black hat, and invariably, everything else being equal, she looks better in it than anything else she might wear. Other hats she must select judiciously, but she never makes a mistake in buying black. After black, the preference must be given to cream white, either in straw, velvet, or felt. Some splendid effects are often to be gained by the wearing of a red hat, even by those red-haired women who can not wear a red gown. Red above the face is invariably becoming, unless the eyelashes are too pale or the complexion too brilliant, and, as to other colors than those named, an infallible method is to study out the predominating tone of the gown and carry out the same color scheme in the hat.

As to jewels, the red-headed girl may wear anything except topazes and diamonds—that is, in profusion. The diamond has a peculiarly harsh, unsympathetic effect when worn by red-haired women in any quantity. For the blue-eyed type, pearls are the jewel par excellence, and both blue-eyed and brown-eyed girls may wear turquoises. For the pale auburn girl there is the choice between pearls and rubies, and who can wear the deep blood-red of the ruby so well as she?

The red-headed girl who would be well and becomingly gowned, hatted and bejewelled must remember, first of all, however, that good dressing is a matter of instinct and intuition. If she has not been born with an acute eye for color, she must cultivate it. She must look at other red-headed women closely, and analyze the secrets of color which make or mar their appearance.

Another excellent method is to practice before the mirror, by holding up different textures to the face and noting the varying effects of color upon the hair, eyes, and complexion. This should be done both in daylight and by gaslight. A color that may idealize the face in daylight often works havoc on the features under the chandelier.

#### Beware of Lustrous Satin

Another thing which the red-headed woman neglects, and which is most important to her of all types, is the matter of the textiles themselves. Some women, red-headed and otherwise, should never wear satin or any weave of silk that has a lustre, while to others such materials are most becoming. Velvets ought never to be donned by the average woman, unless upon the advice of an expert, and yet every day we see thick-skinned, swarthy women in rich, silky velvets serenely oblivious of the fact that they have selected the most trying material known to the textile art.

In conclusion, I would say to this only too often badly groomed, badly dressed red-headed girl, rely on yourself. Don't pay any attention to the advice of people who haven't red hair themselves, unless those people are trained artists or exceptionally good dressers. Don't consult the milliner or the shopkeeper, unless his opinion has a recognized value. If you can not by a little patience and experiment determine what colors you look best in, under divers circumstances, nobody can give you much help to that end. There is no royal road to good dressing, for the red-headed girl or for any other. As the saying runs, we can take a horse to water but we can not make him drink; so, too, we can give the red-headed girl rules and general ideas of color, but we can not give her an eye for tone effects. That she must cultivate, and until that is accomplished she can not feel the satisfaction that comes with the knowledge that she is perfectly and beautifully dressed.

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## American Ideas Abroad

By Alexander Hume Ford

IT IS REMARKABLE how some American ideas, rejected at home, travel successfully around the world and come back to us modified by foreign usage, and capture the country. There is the Japanese jinrikisha, for instance. Invented by an American sailor resident in Japan, it quickly superseded all other modes of conveyance and became the national vehicle. In China it is rapidly driving the sedan-chair out of mode, in Siberia it begins to compete with the Russian droshky, at Singapore it is all but supreme, in India it has become indispensable, in South Africa it is now quite fashionable to order your Kaffir boy to trot you to the club or Governor's ball, and in Florida the millionaires at Palm Beach have started as a fad what promises soon to become a common mode of country travel in America. It is a little odd that we are almost the last continent to adopt this Yankee invention, that has proved its worth in every clime. It was the Japanese cannon mounted on jinrikisha wheels that passed the foreign artillery in the siege of Peking, and the jinrikisha ambulance corps that so mitigated the horrors of the campaign in China. For our seaside and mountain resorts there is nothing superior to the jinrikisha or "man-power carriage," now becoming popular in America as a foreign novelty.

The cuteness of the Yankee is not always appreciated in foreign lands. There was the man who imported the mina-bird into the Hawaiian Islands to destroy insects—he was probably first cousin to the man who brought to America the first pair of English sparrows. The mina-bird in the Sandwich Islands, however, is a far greater nuisance than is the sparrow in the United States, for the mina is such an omnivorous fruit-eater that fruit-raisers about Honolulu either grow their figs and peaches under heavy netting or abandon the orchard entirely; so that in the Sandwich Islands, where all tropical fruits grow in profusion, to the complete satisfaction of the mina-bird, the human inhabitants rely almost entirely upon the weekly steamers from San Francisco for their supply of fresh fruit, and a lunch on canned peaches under a tree in which the mina-birds are tearing the last bit of half-ripe meat from the stone is no uncommon experience.

### America Invents a New Silk

To the Southern States we also owe the introduction from Syria of the cotton plant, and now the South has become interested in the culture of ramie, a vegetable silk finer and stronger than the worm-made article, and used largely in the Northern silk mills as a substitute for silk, or to mix with the fabric so that it may be given greater wearing qualities. The trouble hitherto has been to separate the long silken fibre from the glutinous mass surrounding it. The all-handwork process has been a very expensive one, but another Yankee Whitney has recently come to the front with an invention that promises to be of perhaps as great value to the South as is the cotton-gin; for the new "separator" extracts the long glossy fibre of the ramie at an infinitesimal cost, and, as several crops of the ramie weed can be raised during the year, America may yet supply the world with its silken as well as cotton raiment.

Japanese grass matting for use in summer is to be manufactured in America: a colony of Japanese workers having located in Louisiana, where its members are experimenting with rice straw and various grasses. They report that they will soon cultivate the proper grasses and make in America exact duplicates of all the straw articles manufactured in Japan. For more than a hundred years, until this little Jap colony arrived, the rice planters of the South burned their rice straw in the fields; now it will be turned into hats and matting. The Japanese will use certain Texas grass in the manufacture of delicate purses and cigar-cases that wear practically forever, and which even in their own land sell for prices ranging from twenty dollars apiece upward. With the settlement of Japanese colonies in America we may expect to wrest from Japan much of the export trade that has always been hers exclusively. We grow enough rice and ribbon-grass to supply the world with hats, matting, and all kinds of straw goods from these our, at present, waste products.

### Our Rattlesnake Farms

Ginseng is probably the only crop raised in America entirely for export. This root is grown in Vermont for the Chinese market, where, as the basis of most Celestial medicines, it commands, in some districts, a price that is quite remarkable. American patent medicines are famed the world over and penetrate to the most distant parts of Asia and Africa, but probably the most curious medical farm in the world is the one at Abilene, Texas, where rattlesnakes are raised for the sake of their venom, which has a market value of several dollars an ounce. A hypodermic syringe is used to extract the poison from the sacs once or twice a week. As rattlesnake venom is one of the most powerful heart stimulants known, it enters largely into the preparation of many medicines, and has a recognized place among the sugar-shot remedies of the homeopathist. To America belongs the distinction of raising the world's supply of rattlesnake poison.

More than once the Yankee has astonished the foreigner by ocular demonstrations of the fact that he can make money out of nothing. At the Paris Exposition there was exhibited in the American department a screw-making machine that turned out screws for whoever was willing to supply the self-feeding machinery with brass rods. The brass was fed in at one end, and a moment later the neat brass screws dropped into a receptacle at the



## Hostess-ship

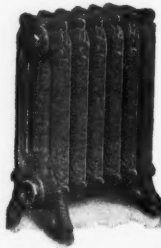
requires that the home to which the guest is invited shall be comfortably, healthfully warmed. All the rich furnishings and decorations will not put a warm welcome into a cold house.

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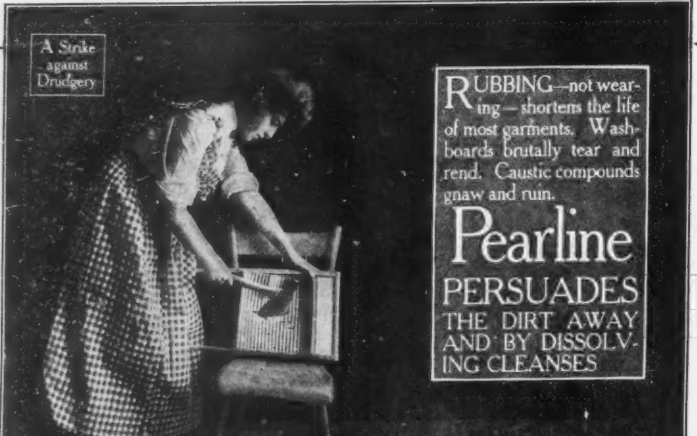
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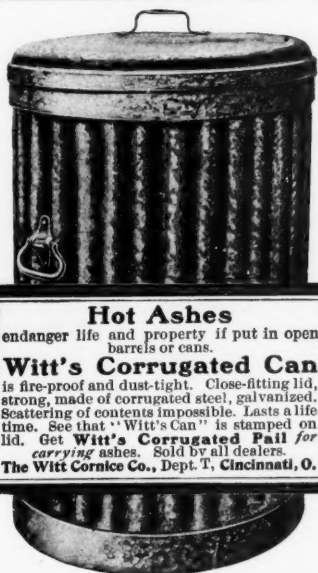
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other. There was absolutely no charge, the owner of the machine being perfectly content with the seigniorage, as he called the thin filings from the brass threads of the screws.

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□ □

### The Hill There Yet

TWO CITIZENS of the United States, one a Bostonian, in the company of a Canadian guide, were viewing the historical and other places and things of interest in and around the City of Quebec.

The guide, whose loyalty to Great Britain was very apparent, thinking to get a whack at the Americans, conducted them to an old gun, and in a manner full of bombast and glee informed them that the gun had been taken from the Yankees at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Both the Americans took the information rather coolly. In a moment the young man from the Hub asked the guide if that was the only trophy of the famous battle he could produce. Upon receiving an answer in the affirmative, the Boston man replied, somewhat laconically: "Well, you have this gun as a memento of the fight at Bunker Hill; allow me to remind you that we succeeded in keeping the Hill; we still have it, and if ever you visit Boston I shall be greatly pleased to show it to you."

□ □

### Riding a Centipede

THE QUALITY of imagination which forms part of the outfit of the able newspaper correspondent is sometimes utilized in the preparation of his expense accounts, when it is not easy to make both ends meet on the itemized document, which must pass the critical eye of the managing editor. A young man, who has done much important work for a New York newspaper, was sent last year to investigate certain sensational conditions in the back country of Kentucky. The trip necessitated a good deal of horse-back riding, and also several halts at cross-road taverns over night. In such wayside retreats the company was congenial and convivial, and the correspondent enjoyed the experience, barring two disastrous sessions of poker, at these stopping-places.

When it came to making up an itemized expense bill for the trip, he found himself grievously out of pocket. He added every legitimate item of cost that an elastic auditor might let slip by, but the deficit was still appalling, and he knew that it must come out of his salary envelope, sooner or later. By way of helping along, he remembered that his horse had cast a shoe on two or three occasions, at a cost of one dollar "per cast," paid to country blacksmiths en route. "Everything counts," said he, and in haste scattered through the long expense bill the item, "Horse reshod \$1.00." He intended to revise the bill and give it a final inspection before turning it in, but forgot to take it out of his pocket again, until he passed it in at the office. The managing editor was in a great hurry, and he scrawled an "O.K." without comment, to the joy of the correspondent. When the young man went to the cashier's to collect, he received a shock which re-echoes in that office to this day. The cashier is an aged man, usually impenetrable to anything approaching a jest. In his forty years of service with this newspaper he had never been known to dally with a joke of any kind. He carefully read through to the bottom, then cocked an eye over his spectacles—an eye in which there was the shadow of a twinkle—as he said: "Very interesting, Mr. Blank. The roads must have been very rough. Horse shod frequently, wasn't he? By the way, would you mind telling me whether you were riding a horse or a centipede?"



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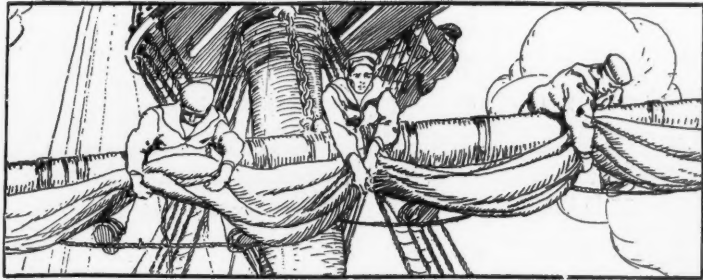
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## The Merchant Sailor of To-day

By T. Jenkins Hains

THERE is room in the merchant trade for a very decent living at the top, and the only way to attain it is to work honestly and get the most out of it, study what others have worked out before, and take advantage of every opportunity to increase the knowledge of seamanship and navigation attained in the beginning. In this way a fair amount of success is certain for every lad who has no opportunity to join a training-ship or have his parents pay for his apprenticeship at sea.

On the other hand, if the youngster wishes simply the life at sea, there are many fine ships that make long voyages. The day of the bucko mate is no more, and the hard life of the packet ships that were run on almost nothing does not obtain in the latter day clippers. That the life aboard them is not popular is a good deal owing to the foreign element which has taken the place of good American seamen, and Americans have only themselves to blame for the fact that "square-heads" have taken up the deep-water trade almost entirely. The Scandinavian or "square-head," as he is called aboard ship, together with the Italian "guinea" and Portuguese "dago," have taken the place of the real American on American ships to such an extent that it is quite common to find an entire crew of foreigners. Some of the harder class of American captains prefer foreigners because they stand pounding better than the Anglo-Saxons, but the reason for their abundance is found in the low wages due to the decline of American shipping. With a union well organized and controlled, this would change as the advancement of shipping progressed, and the standing of the sailor would be much better in every way. The Norwegians and Swedes are not objectionable at all, for they make excellent merchant sailors, and they would add immensely to the American floating population as American citizens. As foreigners, they are as fatal to the progress of the ocean workers as the Chinese is to the Western farmer. Thousands of the best positions among yacht captains—men who do not have to qualify as ocean navigators, but who get from \$100 to \$250 per month—are filled by the common Scandinavian A. B. (able seaman). These men are called "captain" by their employers. But the places should be for Americans, and for the young American who must labor under the American flag they are not to be despised. They, like the positions on coasting schooners of less than 700 tons gross, may be filled by "appointment" from men who have served on the large ships.

### Good Pay and Opportunities

Aboard the big four-masted barks and full-rigged ships, the training is not severe. Neither is the pay so low as to be despised. For a young man with a living to make the conditions are not materially different from those existing among laboring classes elsewhere. Twenty dollars per month and board is fair pay for laborer's work, though not high, and it is for the American himself to raise the standard of quality. Bos'n, quartermaster, and other petty officers get from thirty-five to fifty dollars, with a fair amount of first-class food, and they need no other training than just plain sailing and a knowledge of handling men and canvas. A youngster might easily command such a position after five years' service, or

about as long as he would have to spend as apprentice in any of the first-class trades. No first-class mechanic was made in a day, and no boy should expect to be in a position of responsibility until he has the required experience. It would take him not less than three years to become a first-class able seaman.

While the life aboard the large ships is not remarkably hard, it is not easy. The lad who is looking for soft things had better take a place ashore, for he will never make a sailor—nor for that matter will he ever make much of anything. For the lad who is full of energy and life and who must work for a living, starting at the bottom of the scale, it is different. The dingy sea-chests and close quarters will hold enough romance of the rover's life to more than make up for the monotony of sea routine. Whether he goes coasting on the huge many-masted schooners, or trading in the South Seas, the ever varying moods of the ocean must be met with calmly and thoughtfully, and he should study to advance in his knowledge of them. Of navigation he should learn continually, and the many problems that may seem at first beyond his reach will grow absurdly simple by continual application. A pirate's life might seem more romantic and pleasant to read about, but that of an honest trader owning a small vessel is much more comfortable and quite within reach of any lad who is not afraid of work.

### The Day's Routine

The early work at five o'clock to wash down decks during his morning watch will not seem cheerless. The making and shortening of sail during the day will be valuable experience. The breakfast in the early morning and dinner at noon will be very much as ashore, except that there can be no fresh meat or vegetables. Potatoes and onions are the only things that will remind him of the farm, but his salt beef and beans, washed down with good water, followed by plenty of bread and coffee every day, as is the rule on American ships, will give him enough nourishment to cover his limbs with elastic and firm muscle. Then the pipe and tobacco, which he may use at will in his watch below. There is no grog served on American vessels, and he will lead a quiet and sober life, with time enough in good weather to look over his Bowditch Epitome. He should try neither to favor nor oppose the mate's rule by word or deed. When some old shell-back begins to grumble or curse at the officers he should take no part. It is an old sailor's prerogative to growl, and the mates will pay no attention. It will be an entirely different matter coming from one who is young. The welfare of the ship should be at all times his first thought, and if he does the best he can it will be a poor officer who does not finally recognize his efforts.

The knowledge of lines will be soon acquired, and slicing, serving, knotting, and rigging of all kinds will be of necessary value to him when he gets his discharge. When the men fall in to sign off before the consul or commissioner after a long voyage, he will find a chance awaiting him if he has done well. For a good American sailor is appreciated by the masters of first-class ships, and he need pay no heed to the land-sharks who follow in his wake to get his pay.

## A Family Feast in Japan

By Rev. Francis E. Clark

President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor

MY KIND FRIEND, Mr. Komoto Otoro, who has not more o's in his name than excellences in his character, kindly invited me to a Japanese family feast in his home, an invitation which I accepted with alacrity. About four o'clock one afternoon we found ourselves humbly sitting upon his doorstep (as becomes barbarians from the outer world, who will insist upon wearing great clumping, leather shoes through the filth of the streets), taking off these same leather shoes, and putting on soft woollen slippers, before we could venture upon his exquisite white matting. Mr. Komoto Otoro himself is a slender, scholarly man, with a high forehead and refined, delicate features, and his household consists of his handsome wife and children, and his mother and mother-in-law, two charming old ladies of the old Japanese régime. All greeted us hospitably at the door, falling upon their hands and knees, and bowing with their heads to the floor,

salutations which we returned as well as our stiffer Western joints and more awkward Western manners would allow.

Three times to each member of the family we bowed to the floor, which was the very least number of salutations that ordinary politeness would allow. Then we all rose from our reverential position, and our host took us into an inner room, covered with the same soft white matting, and with sliding screens for the walls, which might all be thrown back if the owner desired, leaving the house open to every wind that blew. But now they were all closed, and the paper that did duty for panes of glass let in a subdued light upon the family treasures, which, for our behoof, Mr. Komoto had brought from the fireproof "godown," or storehouse, where they are usually kept. These treasures consisted of pictures by old Japanese artists, lacquer boxes and trays, and exquisite old china. These rarities had this in common with the old family heirlooms of Western

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## A Careless Locomotive

A CARELESS locomotive recently spoiled the temper and the kitchen garden of Mrs. Webb Mitchell of Caldwell, New Jersey. Her home is only a few yards away from the tracks of the Erie Railroad, but hitherto trains have remained on the rails and caused her no annoyance by trespassing. There are in the garden a fine hen-house (containing fifty chickens), a pet dog, and a beautiful array of flower-beds, which are the pride and joy of Mrs. Mitchell. She was in the garden, busy with the watering-pot, on this vexatious morning, when a runaway locomotive tore down the road, with several miles of frightful momentum. The engineer and fireman jumped, at the risk of their necks, just before the runaway reached the garden of Mrs. Mitchell. She turned to learn the cause of the unusual uproar, when the huge mass of the tender was snapped off, as if it were the lash of a whip. The heavy mass plunged past her so close that the watering-pot was knocked from her hand into a battered handful of metal.

Scattering coal and water like an avalanche, the tender careered into the hen-house, and flattened it into the earth, killing every one of the fifty chickens. The pet dog had no time even for one farewell yelp before he was obliterated. The handsome shade trees were knocked into bits that suggested an explosion in a match factory, while the flower and vegetable garden was simply ironed out of existence.

Mrs. Mitchell had not stirred from her tracks, so sudden had been the disaster that hurtled past her. She fainted without loss of time, and a few moments later recovered sufficiently to survey the desolation. The battered mass of the tender rested on the site of the hen-house, and across the garden a furrow gashed the earth, big enough for a cellar. Mrs. Mitchell was indignant, as well as grieved. The engineer and fireman had picked themselves up and were hobbling down the tracks after the wreck of the locomotive, which had blown up with a stunning report a few rods beyond the devastated garden. She realized that they had troubles of their own, but she halted them long enough to show the ruin of her backyard, and remarked with justifiable severity: "I don't believe you meant to do this, but it must not happen again. It is not your fault that the engine did not come along with the tender, and gallop through my kitchen and parlor and out the front door. It's the worst carelessness I ever heard of, and you must keep your engines from straying off the track. I shall certainly sue the road for the value of my fifty chickens, my dog, my flowers and vegetables, and the watering-pot that was knocked out of my hand. And the sooner you take your old tender away the better, if you don't want to be reported."

## A Fastidious Elephant

THERE is a dentist on Sixth Avenue, New York, who advertises his "painless extraction," and his "complete-sets-for-five-dollars," by a gayly dressed negro, who stands on the sidewalk and hands cards to the passing throng. This fancy drummer is known in the neighborhood as "Jim Cards," and his raiment is so clamorous that in the noisiest time of day along the avenue it can be heard several blocks away. On a recent afternoon "Jim" stood resplendent in front of the dental doorway, clad in a green tail hat, with a red silk band, a crimson spike-tail coat, and pair of striped "Uncle Sam" trousers. He was particularly gay, and felt the conspicuous importance of living up to his costume.

There came up Sixth Avenue a queer procession, the remnant of a road circus. All that survived were two mule-wagons, four billy-goats, and a forlorn-looking elephant. The big beast, travel-worn and discouraged, brightened up when it caught sight of "Jim Cards." Then it awoke like a young earthquake, and started for the dental drummer, after the fashion of a derailed locomotive. The negro fled up the stairs, four steps at a time, shedding his tall hat and his rainbow coat as he flew. He did not stop at the dental parlor, but went through a glass skylight in the roof without delaying to open it.

Meantime the interested elephant tried to follow. He did not like the loud garments, and he squealed his opinion when he got his head and trunk in the doorway. There he stuck fast, and his snorts of rage alarmed the people for two blocks around. He stamped and shook until the building trembled, and excited tenants above him started to flee downstairs, and fled back even swifter when they almost plumped into the indignant countenance of the struggling elephant that filled the street exit. Jim was peering from the roof, but the elephant could not see him; a friend of his yelled from the street, "Hi, you Jim. Yoh git out that roof. That elephant done gwine tear the house down." Jim scrambled along to another roof, and soon the men in the procession tackled the elephant, and got him out of the doorway, with much prodding of hooks and uncomplimentary language. By the time the procession reached the next block the elephant seemed to have forgotten all about "Jim Cards" and his insulting raiment, and swung along as peacefully as a coal barge. It was a full hour before the negro came down from the roof and resumed his work. He rolled his eyes up and down the avenue for the rest of the afternoon, and showed that he did not intend to be taken by surprise again.

"I do wondah what that fool elephant wanted of me," he said. "I ain't said nothin' wrong about him. It's gospel truf that I never did no wrong to no elephant in my life."

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## A Strange Sea Tale

"'Twas Fultah Fisher's boarding-house,  
Where sailor men reside,  
And there were men from all the ports  
From Mississippi to Clyde,  
And regally they spat and smoked,  
And regally they lied."

THIS IS NOT one of the tales they told among Kipling's crew of deep-sea liars, but a page of evidence from the prosaic records of the maritime court at Dantzic, told under oath by the captain of the steel sailing ship *Erndie*, three months ago. He left Memel with a cargo of planks on April 18, for Oldenburg. This Captain Engellandt, who is also the owner of the vessel, remained at the wheel through an overnight gale that overtook him soon after leaving port, and at four in the morning went below to change into dry clothes. While in his cabin the ship was capsized, and he found himself standing on the roof of his cabin, as soon as he could get to his feet, with the sea kept out by the battened hatches.

By ripping loose the planking of what was now the ceiling he got into the hold. He was able to collect of the cabin stores, two tins of condensed milk, three pounds of prunes, some rice, sugar, and sausage. The empty hold contained air enough to keep life in him, and for six days the man lived in this prison. Then the Norwegian steamer *Aurora* sighted the capsized wreck, and sent a boat to look it over. Captain Engellandt heard a noise over his head, and began knocking furiously with a billet of wood.

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A reporter who thought otherwise remarked: "You must frequently be mistaken for him. I never saw a more striking resemblance."

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Whereupon the reporters apologized and withdrew. Then they prepared a "fake" telegram, hired a uniformed messenger boy in the station, and sent him through the train shouting the name of Mr. Pam. The financier fell into the trap head over heels, and, stopping the boy, paid the charges asked, and ripped open the envelope. On the inside of the slip of paper he read: "Compliments of the newspaper men. Did you really sell that stock? You are an easy mark, Mr. Pam."

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Mrs. Roberts moved from Doylestown to the Quaker City, and on the first morning in her new home said to her four-year-old daughter Marie, "Go out and get mama a cake of soap."

It was not Marie's to make reply, nor hers to reason why, and Marie toddled out of the front door, clutching a five-cent piece to pay for the soap. In her direct and childish mind, there was knowledge of one and only one source of soap supply for the human race, and that was the family grocery store in Doylestown. There was no reason why she should have known that soap was a com-

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But her stout heart did not fail her until noon. Then the thought came over her like a landslide, that if she did ever reach the lost Doylestown, she would have to walk all the way home again. This was too much for little Marie Garcia-Roberts, on top of her other weighty woes, and she sat on the curb and wept. A kind policeman found her, and supposing that she was going to a place nearby, offered to carry her. "I'm going to Doylestown to get a cake of soap for mama at the grocery store," sobbed Marie, "and Doylestown has moved away somewhere, and I can't find it."

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## Once Was Enough

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One day, a young man of Mr. Sage's acquaintance—in fact, the grandson of an old friend of other days—approached him on the subject of a loan of ten dollars for two weeks and—got it. He promised faithfully to return the money at a stated hour, and the promise was as faithfully kept. Mr. Sage had very little to say when he gave up the ten, and quite as little when he got it back.

A week or ten days later, the young man came to see him again, and this time asked him for a hundred dollars, making all sorts of representations of what he would do with it. Mr. Sage refused to ante. The young man was surprised, not to say pained.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you know I'll pay it all right. Didn't I say I'd have that ten for you on Monday, and wasn't I there to the minute with it?"

Mr. Sage beamed softly on the grandson of his old friend.

"My boy," he said, with no trace of unkindness in his tone, "you disappointed me once and I don't want you to do it again."

"I beg your pardon, I did not," argued the youth. "I said I would pay you back and I did."

"Yes, yes, my boy," purred Mr. Sage, "you paid back the ten, and I never expected you would. Now if I let you have a hundred I should expect you to pay it back, and you wouldn't. One disappointment at my time of life is enough, my boy. Good-morning."

## The Story of Two Barrels

IN THE DAYS of L. B. Lent's New York Circus at Fourteenth Street, two young athletes named Mansfield and Proctor created quite a sensation by manipulating gayly ornamented barrels, tables, and crosses with their feet to the music of the band. Professionally, they became known as the Levantine Brothers, and for years toured the world and were artistically and financially successful. After a while the partnership was dissolved, and F. F. Levantine (Proctor) returned to America. Still pursuing his profession, he joined D. W. Stone's Circus as late as 1878, still maintaining his supremacy in his unique specialty act by arduous and strenuous persistent practice. Dan Stone, the veteran manager and clown, once remarked of the performer's indomitable desire to excel: "If Fred don't let up in kicking the barrel he will kick the bucket."

Opportunity offering, the performer forsook the stage and the arena and embarked in the music-hall business in Albany, New York, still retaining the name of Levantine, of excellent professional repute. The manager, instead of kicking a barrel, began to fill one and accumulate capital. In an almost incredibly short space of time the enterprising and industrious gentleman was half-owner of one of the largest chains of theatres ever conducted in this country. After the dime-museum craze and the minor ten-cent vaudeville houses had had their day, Mr. Proctor, with higher aims in view, put his own name at the head of his enterprises, and has not only elevated the character of his entertainments, but has prospered to an almost fabulous extent. The man who kicked the barrel so assiduously is now sole proprietor of four theatres in New York, also houses in Albany, Newark, and Montreal. F. F. Proctor's latest efforts have not been in the line of extending his circuit, but to own his theatres. To that end he has just "opened his barrel" and purchased the theatre bearing his name at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, New York, at an expenditure of over \$500,000, almost simultaneously becoming possessor of the Albany Theatre at a cost of \$100,000. Indeed the barrel of "Levantine" has brought "a barrel" to Proctor. This tale points its own moral without a diagram.



## The Madness of Much Money



That \$50,000 Flash across the Continent from West to East, and the other Amazing Eccentricities into which the glamour of much and sudden money betrays mankind, are scathingly characterized by Alfred Henry Lewis, in a striking article: "The Madness of Much Money," in the October number of

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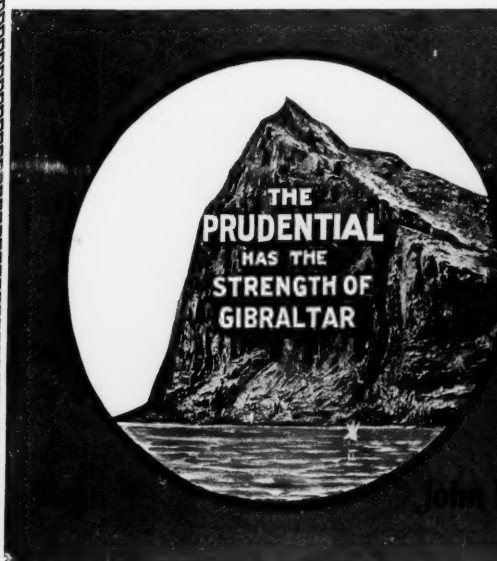
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## A Strange Sea Tale

"'Twas Fultah Fisher's boarding-house,  
Where sailor men reside,  
And there were men from all the ports  
From Mississippi to Clyde,  
And regally they spat and smoked,  
And regally they lied."

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## The Story of Two Barrels

IN THE DAYS of L. B. Lent's New York Circus at Fourteenth Street, two young athletes named Mansfield and Proctor created quite a sensation by manipulating gayly ornamented barrels, tables, and crosses with their feet to the music of the band. Professionally, they became known as the Levantine Brothers, and for years toured the world and were artistically and financially successful. After a while the partnership was dissolved, and F. F. Levantine (Proctor) returned to America. Still pursuing his profession, he joined D. W. Stone's Circus as late as 1878, still maintaining his supremacy in his unique specialty act by arduous and strenuous persistent practice. Dan Stone, the veteran manager and clown, once remarked of the performer's indomitable desire to excel; "If Fred don't let up in kicking the barrel he will kick the bucket."

Opportunity offering, the performer forsook the stage and the arena and embarked in the music-hall business in Albany, New York, still retaining the name of Levantine, of excellent professional repute. The manager, instead of kicking a barrel, began to fill one and accumulate capital. In an almost incredibly short space of time the enterprising and industrious gentleman was half-owner of one of the largest chains of theatres ever conducted in this country. After the dime-museum craze and the minor ten-cent vaudeville houses had had their day, Mr. Proctor, with higher aims in view, put his own name at the head of his enterprises, and has not only elevated the character of his entertainments, but has prospered to an almost fabulous extent. The man who kicked the barrel so assiduously is now sole proprietor of four theatres in New York, also houses in Albany, Newark, and Montreal. F. F. Proctor's latest efforts have not been in the line of extending his circuit, but to own his theatres. To that end he has just "opened his barrel" and purchased the theatre bearing his name at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, New York, at an expenditure of over \$500,000, almost simultaneously becoming possessor of the Albany Theatre at a cost of \$100,000. Indeed the barrel of "Levantine" has brought "a barrel" to Proctor. This tale points its own moral without a digram.



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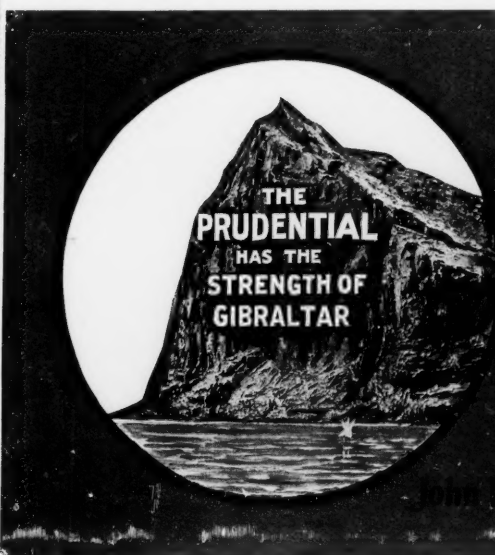
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